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POEMS

AND

LOVE DITTIES

BY

WILLIAM ROLAND HOGOBOOM.

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English

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As a matter of apology for the shortcomings of this volume, the author humbly begs the generous indulgence of its occasional reader and a kind consideration for the facts of his humble birth, hard life, meager education and the absence of that culture which sustains and nourishes the finer poetic feelings ; against all of which he has been forced to struggle alone, with all the discouraging embarrassments commonly apparent. Also the fact of his youth, having only attained his twentieth year, which he hopes may bear at least a prophetic import of something greater.

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REMEMBRANCE.

I.

About the heart, how fondly plays,
The memory of departed days,
And scenes we fondly cherish !
They cling, like vines, around the heart ;
But, O, too soon, those dreams depart,
They fade and fall and perish.

II.

O, fond remembrance, wet with tears,
Nor lessens, with the waste of years,
Can ye not cease to languish ?
One moment, cease this inward strain ;
This mental passion and the pain,
This flood of grief and anguish.



HOW SWEET YE BLOOM.

I.

How sweet ye bloom, ye little flowers,
That deck the woods and meadows round!
How sweet ye chant, ye little birds!
While I, to aching care, am bound.

II.

Ye little birds, ye well may soar,
And gayly sing, on bush and spray;
For my false lover loves, no more;
And, O, he's ta'en my heart away.

MY SWEETHEART AND MY JENNIE, O.

I.

When Phoebus gilds adown the west,
And draws all beauty to her, O;
And like a queen, retires to rest,
There is a joy to view her, O.

II.

And yet, as fair as any sky,
As fair and true as any, O,
And dearer to this heart, will lie,
My sweetheart and my Jennie, O.

III.

As the leaf, from the topmost branch, comes
down;
As the bird flits o'er her nestlings;
So gently falls her smile or frown,
And rapture to my breast, brings.

MY HEART IS SAD.

I.

My heart is sad, my bosom sore;
And love's the cause of all that;
For my false lover loves, no more,
And what, but grief, could follow that?

II.

O, once, he swore we ne'er should part,
Nor grief, our bliss, should bother;
But now, he's stolen my aching heart,
And gone to love another.

III.

I have a ring, he gave to me,
So fondly sworn to share it;
I took it, for his own sweet sake,
And, for his sake, will wear it.

THOU WANING ORB.

I.

Thou waning orb, whose wandering light,
Around this world, discovers
The varied raptures, the delight
And scenes of happy lovers;

II.

O, where, in all those regions known,
Where ere ye roam so weary,
O, tell me, where my joy has flown;
And where, has gone my dearie.

III.

Where ere she plies her lonely flight,
This heart would follow ever;
And 'neath thy soft and gentle light,
I can forget her, never.

IV.

I never see thee rising fair;
Nor wander where the roses bide;
But tender thoughts and happy smiles
Are ever beaming at my side.

V.

O time, O change, with heartless range,
Thy cruel touch hath severed
The happy scenes and blissful dreams
That more, return shall, never.

DECEPTIVE BEAUTY.

I.

Deceptive queen of beauty,
Thy raid has wrought no booty—
From my heart;
Unwelcomed at its door,
Barred faster than before—
'Thou shalt depart!

II.

How changed thy fond address,
At each entreaty pressed—
Baffled before;
How thy undaunted mien,
With only false between—
Bore up the more!

III.

Thou art a blushing rose,
Alluring, that but clothes
 An ugly thorn ;
Who plucks the faithless flower,
Pierced, rues the bleeding hour—
 Untimely born !

IV.

Go to some fonder fool,
And fill his goblet full—
 Of rosy wine ;
And when his spirits roll,
Happy, some noble soul—
 May not repine !

V.

One drop of honest blood,
Is worth a foaming flood,
 Of polluted gore—
O, Heaven, with light devine,
Kindle this soul of mine—
 Mid dangers sore.

ROGUISH NELL.

I.

Of all the pains this flesh sustains,
 In battle or in duel,
There's none so keen as those, I ween,
 When a fellow's love is cruel.

II.

To break a faithful lover's heart,
And laugh, at her misdealings ;
Her fondest joy is to annoy
And hurt a fellow's feelings.

III.

O, her jet flowing locks and her dark rolling
eye,
And her glances, so sweetly bewitching !
My heart, at each bound, but leaps to the
wound,
Her glances, so cruel, are twitching.

IV.

Yet, Roguish Nell, this will I tell :
"Thou'lt rue thy fatal charming ;
They'll find ye out, as I, no doubt,
And flee your false disarming."

NOVEMBER SHIVERS O'ER THE MEADS.

I.

November shivers o'er the meads ;
The wind is rude and wild ;
And bare's the lonely path that leads,
Out on the moor, my child.

II.

The swallows all have flown away,
And the wee flow'rs, one by one ;
The little birds that cheered the day,
To their summer joys, have gone.

III.

And I am left, alone to stray
This heather wide and far;
But dear to me, as light of day—
That rugged path and bare.

IV.

Though rough, I often climb the steep,
That ledge across the moor;
And visit scenes so true and deep,
And sweeter, 'cause they're poor.

V.

A virtuous, happy group, aside,
There dwells, with peace content;
Where never vain insulting pride,
Wreaks, on the poor, her foul intent,
But only loves abide.

VI.

Within their peaceful lowly bower,
From city's ceaseless strife,
There love distills her genial power,
And lulls the ills of life.

O, SWEET, THE DAY.

I.

O, sweet, the day so bright and fair,
Whereon my lady's love was given;
Fond nature imaged everywhere,
The bridal day of earth and Heaven.

II.

And, O, that Heaven was mine to gain,
But, O, too soon, such bliss must fall;
Death brooding o'er, with jealous pain,
He stole my life, my love, my all.

JEAN.

I.

Over the hills and far away,
This vagrant heart will ever stray;
Over the hills and down the glen,
To a little cot, where I met my Jean,
And first, I found my dearie.

II.

If birds are gay, if flowers are fair,
They never can, with her, compare;
A plighted hand, a heart to love,
A constancy that naught can move,
And a soul, so sweet and cheery.

III.

Give knaves their vice, and fools their wine;
They ne'er shall draw a drop of mine;
For in one short month and May will shine,
And the daisies, o'er the meadowst wine,
And she's, aye, my own sweet dearie.



A BROKEN LOVE.

I.

Sweet, were those happy hours,
Lightened by sunbeam showers,
That shed their gentle powers,
To cheer the day.

II.

Blithely, the swallows played,
Light in the gloaming's shade,
As we enchanted strayed,
Alone, the while.

III.

Mild, were her eyes of blue,
Gentle as morning dew ;
No wiles, her whisper knew,
Nor snares, her smile.

IV.

Fair, was her grace and slender ;
Strong, was her heart and tender ;
O, I thought naught could rend her,
To lose her way.

V.

Sweet, as a morn in June ;
Blithe, as the woods at noon,
All filled with happy tune,
Of songsters gay.

VI.

All then, was bliss expressed ;
Love was a vow confessed ;
Toil was, with pleasure, dressed,
Though reeked in pain.

VII.

Lightly, the hours passed ;
Joy held all parting fast ;
Love her fond mantle cast,
But all in vain.

VIII.

Often at summer's eve,
Transported, I would leave ;
But I could ne'er deceive
The tryst, I swore.

IX.

Blithe, was our parting then,
Vowed soon to meet again ;
Light o'er the feathery fen,
As oft before.

X.

Little, thought I, 'twas the last ;
Chill—chill, the bitter blast,
That cruel o'er her past,
And round her sore.

XI.

Some wretch, with hellish art,
Has stoll'n her guileless heart ;
With her I ne'er could part,
Whom I forswore.

XII.

Lonely, the village weeps ;
Bruised now, her virtue sleeps ;
Her, this fond heart still keeps,
In memory dear.

XIII.

Weary, alone I stray ;
Dark, falls the closing day :
Far, sadly far, away,
Mid shadows drear.

YE FLOWERY DALES.

I.

Ye flowery dales and winding hills,
With many a careless blossom, O ;
'Tis well, ye out-live the human ills,
That wring this aching bosom, O.

II.

The parting tear, the long-drawn sigh,
The sorrow and the silent grief ;
That look forlorn, the brooding eye,
Bespeak of woes beyond relief.

III.

And all, too vainly, do I seek,
A quiet in the kindly woods ;
The world would shun, or inly speak
My troubles, to the solitudes.

IV.

Of some fond grief, I inly pine ;
My sorrow knows no healing, O ;
Yon distant stars, that coldly shine,
Is all, I hope of feeling, O.

V.

And could I now, with days of yore,
Recall a nameless pleasure, O !
But, O, she's gone, forever more,
My sweetheart and my treasure, O.

VI.

Ye distant scenes, forever gone,
Like jewels in the memory set;
Ye faded joys, for aye undone,
Too fond, ye wake a sad regret.

SIN'S REQUIEM.

I.

Some hearts there are, still free from care,
But more are sad and weary;
Yet free's the heart, from vice apart;
The wicked alone are dreary.

II.

For the pleasures of sin lie hard within,
And, O, my young friend, beware;
That enticing flame is the light of shame,
And is lurking everywhere.

III.

O sin, O woe, where may we go,
Nor hear thy constant grieving?
To know some heart, from sin apart,
It is the soul's relieving.

Thoughts are true things and accordingly impoverish or enrich us.



THOU GENTLE FAIRY.

I.

Thou gentle fairy of my heart,
Sweet woodland nymph, of nature's art,
O, may I never, from thee part,
My idol and my dearie.

II.

The courtly grace that princes share;
The queenly charms of beauties rare;
Or sculptured art cannot compare
With thee, when the heart is weary.

III.

Of waking morn, the rosy light;
Nor jewelled stars, that gild the night;
Nor living gems are half so bright,
As the beam of thy eyes, so cheery.

IV

The notes, that birds, the morning, greet;
The songs, that crown the muses seat,
Nor classic verse is half so sweet,
As the music of thy voice, O.

V.

Of fame's eternal high decree;
Or priceless treasures, proffered free;
Or just the artless love of thee,
Ye'd be the richer choice, O.

VI.

Without thee, what were life beside?
A dreary wilderness and wide;
A harvest morn, with this supplied,
To love thee and rejoice, O.

NOW, THE SLENDER MOON.

I.

Now, the slender moon dips his horn in the
west,

And the stars are sweetly shining, O ;
As I gaily stray with the lad I love best,
For 'tis only love that's devining, O.

II.

The little bird, in the lilac tree,
Beside his mate in the nest, O,
Has ceased his tuneful notes of glee ;
And folded his wings to rest, O.

III.

For now 'tis sweet summer and nature is
blessed ;
And her breath rides the odorous gale ;
While I'm roving with him, the lad I love best,
And love is the happy tale.

IV.

O'er the hedge, comes the scent of the sweet
smelling crest,
Of the rose and the sweet flowering vine ;
But sweeter to me, the fond thought of his
breast,
That pledges, for aye, to be mine.

V.

Though the morn, sore labor and care may
awake,
With brooding clouds of fear, O ;
Our blisses, all future fears, overtake,
And assassinate them here, O.

O, THAT MY LOVE !

I.

O, that my love were yon robin blest,
That sings so sweet in the lilac tree ;
And I, the mate beside his breast,
To spend the hours, so cheerily !

II.

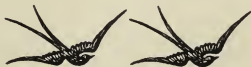
My songs would wake the rising sun,
And lull his slumbers, in the west ;
My lot were then a Heavenly one,
To sing my robin to his rest.

III.

No thought of care or sickening death
Would bid my warblings ever cease ;
I'd tune, for him, my sweetest breath,
And sing, for aye, in joyous peace.

IV.

And when wild winter's raging wind
Howls round our nest, with angry sighs,
We'd leave his bitterness behind,
And together, soar for summer skies.



THOU HAPPY LAND.¹

I.

Thou happy land, where virtue dwells,
And every scene is beauty, O ;
Where hill on hill, the landscape swells,
I greet thee, at my duty, O.

II.

As scene on scene, with joy I view,
That skirts my little mansion, O ;
Do thou inspire some ditty through,
To mount the scales of scansion, O.

III.

For sure, amid such lovely scenes,
Must dwell, the muse of Heaven, O ;
Where peace and quiet intervenes,
And happy loves are given, O.

IV.

I love to roam thy uplands o'er,
While trees their gold are turning, O ;
And like a beacon on the shore,
In the west, the day is burning, O.

V.

To view each bare, and mossy stone,
The brown and sunburnt heather, O ;
The woodland and the desert lone,
I love thee all together, O.

¹The above lines refer to my first school house and the surrounding country, which was, unexceptionally, the most beautiful stretch of craggy hills and interlacing vallies and woods I ever witnessed ; the beauty of which was greatly intensified in the autumn, when nature takes especial pride in her gaudy attire of purple and yellow. It was at this time that I resigned the humble plow-handles for the more dignified master's rule.

VI.

The ragged and the cragged form,
The rough and chilly weather, O;
The lightning and the angry storm,
That drives across the heather, O.

VII.

The tangled fern, and quiet dell;
The brook that charms the noisy glen;
The wild bird and his notes, full well,
Enlist the passing thoughts of men.

THE MORNING BREAKS.

I.

The morning breaks, my soul awakes;
The day ensues of anguish.
But while my sight is blessed with light,
And love, I'll never languish.

II.

Joy comes; grief goes, with its throes,
Nor troubles care and sorrow;
For day and night, my soul's delight
Is ever with my Nora.

III.

'Tis not her eyes, that stars defies,
Which fills my soul with rapture;
Her form so fair, nor face so rare,
But 'tis her lovely nature.

IV.

Than Norway's coal or India's gold,
Her mind's a richer treasure;
Each thought so mild, she nature's child,
And yields me naught but pleasue.

O, JENNIE, HOW I LOVE THEE.

I.

On flowering tree, and tangled spray,
The little birds sing together;
Their little throats ring with the joy of
Spring,
It is such bonny weather.

II.

And were my heart so blithe as theirs ;
My song, so sweet or fairly!
But this poor heart's borne down with cares,
I love thee, O, so dearly.

III.

Could vocal wire my rapture tell,
Or song, to pity, move thee,
My laboring muse would strive full well,
O, Jennie, how I love thee.

BESIDE THE GRAVE OF MARY.

I.

Wild, sweeps the blast down the dale,
The winds of wild November, O ;
And bleek's the blast, that sweeps this breast,
And chills each dying ember, O.

II.

The woods are tossed and cuffed and crossed,
The angry gale runs high, O ;
As I wander the waste, in confusion lost,
Like yon bewildered sky, O.

III.

The falling leaves now, one by one,
Their dying tales are telling, O ;
And one by one, the joys are wrung,
That once, this breast were swelling, O.

IV.

I have no mind, the world to roam,
Nor yet, a mind to tarry, O ;
I only long to find a home,
Beside the grave of Mary, O.

V.

But one sweet day we lived to love,
And then fell death and cruel, O ;
He left me in this world to rove,
And robbed me of my jewel, O.

VI.

Ye flowers, ye may ne'er bloom so gay,
To deck my darling's bosom, O ;
Now heaves the turf, and cold's the clay,
That holds my faded blossom, O.

MOTHER.¹

I.

No more the morn delights me,
Nor more the setting sun ;
'Tis grief alone invites me ;
Why is my mother gone ?

¹ The language of this simple ditty is surely very childlike
I confess ; but the sympathetic reader will surely pardon
his excessive fondness of nature.

II.

O, how I miss her kisses,
That fell like summer's rain;
And her lovingly fond caresses;
O, bring her back again.

III.

Lonely and sad, I wander,
These mortal windings o'er;
And I sigh for an hour to squander,
In the love that is no more.

IV.

Oft, by her knee at evening,
I learned to lisp a prayer;
Twas then, I knew no grieving—
Peace loved to linger there.

V.

But death's fell dart and savage,
Pierced deep her bleeding heart;
And naught is left to ravish,
Or comfort to impart.

VI.

And cold, the blasts are blowing,
About her weeping child;
And soon may the grass be growing,
Above his bosom wild.

VII.

O, time, O, change, and sorrow,
It were a bitter blast,
If life had no to-morrow,
When the soul may rest, at last.

RUIN.

I.

Who made the human heart so frail,
 'Tis he, alone, that knows it ;
The pang of grief, the silent tale,
 In ruin that o'er throws it.

II.

Then why condemn our neighbor's toil,
 Nor weed our own wild garden ?
The worst, the meanest, in the broil,
 May find a Father's pardon.

It boots us little, if we be,
 In fortune cast, or poverty ;
To be a man, is not the part
 Of circumstance but of the heart.

OFT I SWORE.

Oft I swore, I ne'er would love thee ;
Yet when ere I happen near thee,
I can naught but fondly love thee ;
Heaven and love so sweet endear thee.
For to see thee, is to love thee ;
And to love thee, is to tremble ;
For, with thee, what clouds, above me
Anxious fear and care assemble !

We apeing fools, astounded and perplexed,
 To think upon the mass that gave us birth ;
With unfledged longings soar to reach the
 next,
Then sadly drop to this poor wreck of earth.

EXTEMPORE—MELANCHOLY.

A day, without a sun ;
A night, without a star ;
A man, without a friend.

CEASE, CEASE, THY SONG.

I.

Cease, cease, thy song thou happy bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
Little, thou feels a soul disturbed,
And harrowed o'er, by fate.

II.

O, cease thy joys, or else, too soon,
This troubled heart of mine,
Will sink in an eternal swoon,
And never think of thine.

III.

Thou art so happy, gay and free,
'Tis Heaven, me thinks, alway ;
Earth were a lonely place, with thee
And music done away.

IV.

And were this heart so light as yours—
From grief and care, so free—
Gladly, I'd yield what life endures,
To sing an hour with thee.

V.

But since some life must fret and fear,
I can but now resign ;
And where the human fails to cheer,
Still lean, on the devine.

O, WERE MY LOVE.

I.

O, were my love yon little brook,
That sweetly sings its banks, along,
And I, a posy, on the brink,
To listen to his dreamy song !

II.

How I would bloom, the live-long day,
And sweetly deck his rosy side !
I'd laugh to see the show'rs of May,
Come tumbling down his swollen tide.

III.

But if, through drought or summer's heat,
My little love should babble dry,
I'd pour my last tear, at his feet,
And, with him, wither up and die.

THE LAD O'ER THE MOOR.

I.

There is no one for me, like the lad o'er the
moor,
His spirit so light and his bosom still truer ;
All day, by the plow or the sweet-smelling
hay,
He thinks of his love as he whistles his lay,
Or tosses the blossoming clover.

II.

No sooner the sun, on the hill, is laid down,
And pillowed his head, for rest ;
Than o'er the wild moor, light-footed and
sure,
He hastes to the one he loves best.

III.

And oft, he has promised, that he shall be
mine,
As sure as the water that flows ;
If the lark ever sang, on the maple or pine,
Or if green, is the grass, that grows.

I'LL FONDLY SHELTER THEE.

I.

What makes my gentle lady weep ?
What hidden griefs her bosom rend ?
The lengthened sighs, that o'er her sweep,
Bespeak the parting of a friend.

II.

Ah, me ! and one so true and fair
Must weep a lover dead ?
O, do not droop, in such despair,
With sorrow's aching head.

III.

Upon my breast, thy burdens cast,
And let me all thy comfort be ;
I'll shield thee, from the raging blast ;
And fondly shelter thee.



NOW DEATH IS SWEET.¹

I.

Now from the dark and moaning shore,
The chilling tide is sinking ;
Trouble with me will soon be o'er,
For life, from its bounds, is shrinking.

II.

Farewell, thou sad and dreary strand,
I oft have trod so lonely ;
With but one hand to comfort lend,
And one to cheer me, only.

III.

Too long, upon this dreary waste,
I've wept and sighed and beckoned,
To the phantom ships that by me past,
With not a sail that reckoned.

IV.

At last, upon the lonely main,
My beckoned ship advances ;
How this poor heart is eased its pain,
To see how light she dances !

V.

O, haste, thou ship, that bears me o'er,
And haste, thou pilot somber ;
And from this dark and dreary shore,
O haste, to bear me yonder.

¹ Written in a season of darkest melancholy, and a depressing illness, when I fully—and almost gratefully—realized how thin, the fragile veil that stretched between me and that awful gulf.

DRYDEN'S LAMENT.

I.

Nature now tunes the heart of summer,
And the birds are blithe and gay, O;
But my heart is filled with a dreary murmur,
And lone is the sweetest day, O.

II.

Far from the land of faithful kindred,
And the gentle fair I love, O;
Exiled in grief, from pleasure hindred,
Disconsolate I rove, O.

III.

And O, the nights are long and dreary,
With my darling far away, O;
And this sad heart is sore and weary,
With longings of the day, O.

IV.

Ye powers in Heaven, whose gentle office
Is to guard the good and fair;
O! protect a kindred angel,
And where she is, O, bless her there.

V.

And if I thus must languish ever,
From the angel wife I love,
Grant, upon the eternal river,
We, at last, shall meet above.



SWEET INA.¹

I.

Sweet Ina, empress of the heart,
That reigns, in this sad bosom,
To love thee, is a prince's part,
Thou lovely little blossom.

II.

Thou art so sweet, yet not so fair,
No bright and golden tresses;
But in thy face, an angel's there,
And ere I look, she blesses.

III.

There's many a lass, that hearts beguiles,
Yet none so sweet as thou art ;
With all their fashions, arts and styles,
Thou modest little flowret.

IV.

And were my heart so pure as thine,
So mild each thought and gentle ;
Much less this breast would need repine,
For Heav'n were then its rental.

¹ It was, I remember, during a late autumnal rain, while going to worship in a Lutheran chapel, that I "struck off" almost extemporaneously the above verses on the sweetest young lady that ever soothed the pangs of an unhappy heart.



YE GRACIOUS POWERS.¹

I.

Ye gracious powers, in Heav'n above,
Whose first delight and pleasure
Is in a home of peace and love,
Here bless a double measure.

II.

Here walks, in peace, a loving pair,
The path of life together;
O, shield them from its desert air—
A calm and pleasant weather.

III.

And this, the angel¹¹ of their love,
With all thy sweetness, bless her ;
And from the villain's net of love—
For their fond sakes, release her.

¹ On visiting my sister's home, after some wandering, my soul is regretfully flooded with the scene of its peace and contentment, which I have here most miserably "struck off" retiring to-night.—Nov. 12, '99.

¹¹ This is the same infant niece, an address to whom appears on another page.



THE VAGRANT'S RETURN.

I.

Then clear to the end of the journey,
And way to the end of the road,
I'll follow the beautiful pathway,
That leads to my father's abode.

II.

For there, sin or shame ever enter;
And this troubled scene is o'er;
And the arrow that pieces its center,
Shall pain the heart never more.

III.

For O! this breast is weary;
And this heart is sad and lone,
With wanderings far and dreary,
From my father's peaceful home.

'TIS NOT THY EYE.

I.

'Tis not thy eye of bonny blue,
That star-like shines so clearly,
Thy form so fair, an angel true,
That moves me, O, so dearly.

II.

Thou art so young, so sweet, so fair,
'Tis Heaven in every feature;
But more than these, that charm me sore,
Thy mild and lovely nature.

III.

If thou hast faults, I ne'er, can find them,
My heart, thou hast so beguiled ;
About thy harp, my thoughts entwine them,
Drawn by its music wild.

IV.

Upon the margin of thy love,
I drink me drunk with pleasure ;
I'll seek no other joys above,
My soul's devinest treasure.

AWAY O'ER THE SEA.

I.

Away o'er the sea, is the land for me,
Where summer is, aye, the weather ;
Where the cotton grows and the sweet orange
blows,
With flower and fruit together.

II.

Where the soft winds blow, and the stream-
lets flow,
And the woods, with birds, are merry ;
And to their song, the whole year long,
I'd ever list and tarry.

III.

But, to this ear, some voice's more dear,
Some face, more sweet and cheery ;
And from some heart, I'll never part,
And ne'er grow sad and weary.

PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

I.

O, she pines mid the scenes of her triumph ;
And the heart within her is wild ;
O, she pines, like a flower in the shadow,
For 'tis long since the sun on her smiled.

II.

And that sun ? Ah ! who does not know it ?
What heart, that's not softened with years ?
O, she pines for an eye of pity ;
And her heart yearns a heart, of tears.

III.

For she's dying, and broken hearted ;
And the flower on her cheek, grows dim ;
For she's thinking of days departed,
And her heart is full of him.

IV.

As together, they strayed in the twilight,
Where the swift little brooklet run ;
And he decked her bonny sweet bosom,
With the wild flowers in the sun.

V.

And with each little flower he gave her,
A pledge of his love devine ;
But he proved the false and left her,
In sorrow to waste and pine.

It was while reading Irving's pathetic "The Pride of the Village," that the thought of this simple ditty occurred to me. It is hardly worthy the relation assumed, yet I have bound it, like a scanty vine, about the lofty, yet the sweet and tender, soul of the girl, he pictures, as slowly, yet uncomplainingly, pining away, as the fangs of disappointment and grief silently fasten themselves upon her tender heart.

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.

HE.

I.

Now summer's breath, on hill and heath,
Is shed in all its sweetness, O ;
Then let us there, my dear, repair
And share in its completeness, O.

II.

There wild woods wave and waters lave,
The flowers that grow beside them, O ;
On tree and bush, the happy thrush,
With joyous songs, betide them, O.

III.

Then to the hills, where woods and rills
And flowers adorn our dwelling, O ;
Where breezes blow and pleasures flow,
And joy and love are swelling, O.

IV.

In palace hall and painted wall,
I've mixed in mirth and pleasure, O ;
But the sweetest hour that was ere my
dower,
Was spent with my countless treasure, O.

V.

Then we'll away, on the hills to stray,
And list to the wild birds warble, O ;
And thou shalt reign, my lovely queen,
To banish care and trouble, O.



SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.—Con.

SHE.

I.

The bonniest lad, that ere I had,
And many a one, had I, O.
Is the faithful lad, that makes me glad,
And for my sake would die, O.

II.

Where ere away, my love may stray,
This attendant heart will follow;
For summer's treat was ne'er so sweet,
As the draught of love I swallow.

III.

Then we'll away, on the hills to stray,
Nor care nor pain shall grieve, O;
Nor fame nor wealth shall tempt our health,
Nor happiness to leave, O.

NOW CHILL'S THE NIGHT.

I.

Now chill's the night and pale each light;
The driving clouds how dreary!
Yet I'll be gay, though night and day
And skies were ne'er so weary.

II.

For the lass, I love all else above,
Has promised to be my dearie;
And so much in sight of Heaven and light,
How could I then be weary?

III.

For as in glee, delights the bee,
To feast upon a blossom,
My fancy's flight, in rapt delight,
Still dwells upon her bosom.

IV.

But on flower or tree, the ravished bee
Ne'er found a sweeter treasure ;
Each thought so mild, she's nature's child,
And yields me naught but pleasure.

AUTUMN.

I.

The moaning gale, with angry blast,
Now beats the hill, full sorely, O ;
The falling leaves, they rustle fast,
For this is Autumn, surely, O.

II.

Nature has doffed her cap of green ;
No more, the flow'rs are springing, O.
No brooding nest is longer seen,
The birds, no more, are singing, O.

III.

The tempest and the angry air
Still sweep the moor and heather, O.
The shivering herds are well aware
That this is Autumn weather, O.

IV.

The clouded and the lonely sky,
The snow and rain together, O ;
The dead leaves as they rustle by,
Assure us of the weather, O.

OH! TELL ME WHERE.

I.

O, tell me, where my dove has flown
To build her downy nest;
And I will roam this wide world o'er,
To win her to my breast.

II.

For, O! this lonely heart is sore;
And, O! my feet are weary;
With wandering this desert o'er,
A-searching for my dearie.

III.

And could I now beside her rest,
And still my own, believe her;
Gladly I yield this aching breast,
Forever and forever.

The meanest man, or Turk or Yankee,
Is the one, who never says: "I thank ye."



IN GILDED COACH.

I.

In gilded coach, the rich may ride ;
While I, for lack of gear, O,
A poor and shame-veiled head must hide,
And fret away in fear, O.

II.

Yet how ere poor may be my door,
Or mean may be my standing, O ;
The lass I love will ever prove
My angel, fair attending, O.

III.

Then what care I, how rogues ride by ;
How grand, how high or swelling, O ?
Their hearts are more bereft and sore,
Than ere the poor man's dwelling, O.

O, THOU THAT REIGNS.

I.

O, Thou, that reigns in Heaven the light and
Lord,
The source and self of all its beauty,
Attune my heart thus sweetly to accord
With every sense of duty; —

II.

To the cheerless wanderer, may home appear;
The rich and proud still learn to pity;
With poverty, still wipe the falling tear;—
The outcast, and the stranger city.

CHARMING FLORENCE.

Let the loud blasts blow, and the wild
streams flow,
Or hail descend in torrents, O;
They can ne'er molest my ravished breast,
Beside my charming Florence, O.

II.

She is not rich, yet, with careful hitch,
We'll pull, I wean, together, O;
And a cottage door, with simple store,
Will shield us from the weather, O.

III.

Then winds may rave, and thief and knave
May steal and rob the other, O;
Nor care, nor fear can enter here,
Our happiness to bother, O.

IV.

I envy not the richer lot;
But rather sigh for pity, O,
For those who bear their wealth and care
In the great and sinful city, O.

NOW THE HARVEST WAVES YELLOW.

I.

Now the harvest waves yellow, in every
green field ;

For his ungathered sweets, roves the bee;
Yet nature her wonted delights can not yield,
My lover's so far, far from me.

II.

Now music nor mirth no more can engage,
Nor laughter nor song can please me;
He only my trouble and grief can assuage,
Now anguish and care sorely seize me.

III.

If ere soon he'll not return,
To cheer this aching bosom ;
His flower of love, that is seared and burned,
For him no more shall blossom.

MY LADY ! LOVE.

I.

Thou art my true, my royal lady ;
The towering forests deep and shady,
Than thy lofty mien, is not more stately ;
Nor droops the flow'ret, more sedately,
Beside thy passing feet.

II.

'Tis thee alone, my soul's adoring ;
With thee, to Heav'n my heart is soaring,
Thou art so pure and sweet.
Queens may be blessed, in art refinéd ;
Though not high-born, thou art noble
minded;
And that's a royal treat.

MY SAILOR LOVE.

I.

When the birdies come again,
And the fields, with flow'rs, are gay ;
And the sweet and welcome sunshine
warms the breeze ;
Then my poor heart will be glad,
For my roving sailor lad
Will be home from wandering o'er the
lonely seas.

II.

Now his hearth, for him to-night,
Glimmers with a rosy light,
As if its glow could draw him nearer home.
Though the winds are wild without ;
And the tempest storms about,
I know he thinks of me where e'er he
roam.

III.

Heaven, lead his sail to-night,
Safely its uncertain flight,
Secure within the harbor and the bay.
May his nightly dreams at sea
Dwell upon his babes and me,
And his little lonely cottage, far away.

TO A STAR.

I.

O, were my love you beaming star,
That sweetly sheds her gentle ray;
And I, the moon that from afar,
Steals softly o'er the jewel way!

II.

No tardy course would ere be mine,
To view her gentle beaming light;
And on my breast, would ever shine,
The sweetest gem of all the night.

III.

But should her love for me grow cold,
And all my pleadings prove in vain;
Forever from the starry fold,
I'd sink into the sullen main.



DREAR DECEMBER.

I.

My heart is sad, I wist not why,
But, aye, the tear comes in my eye;
And still I weep and still I sigh,
I am so lone and weary, O.

II.

The snow drifts pile in frenzied heaps,
And o'er the drifts, the wild blast sweeps;
While through the clouds, the sun scarce
peeps,
To cheer the day so dreary, O.

III.

But winter wild will soon be o'er,
And summer wanton, as of yore;
But winter wild will soon be o'er,
And there comes home, my dearie, O.

GLENALLEN'S GROVE.

I.

'Tis closing day, the woods are gay
And the flowers are sleeping fair,
While o'er the stream the shadow's gleam
Is fitting, everywhere.

II.

Then come my love, while the birds above
Their notes of joy declare;

For to this heart, no hour apart,
Thou seemed'st more sweet and fair.

III.

And we will rove, by stream and grove,
And care forget and sorrow;
From nature sweet, a kind retreat
Of love and pleasure borrow.

IV.

Bonny lassie, will ye go?
The world's so sweet and cheery!
I'll bind a wreath of wild wood flow'rs,
And crown thee, aye, my dearie.

SWEET JESSIE.

I.

Why should I yet yield to despair,
Or be an ill repiner?
While Jessie is so sweet and fair,
I can naught but Heav'n devine her.

II.

Her eyes so deep and soul so sweet,
So pure in every feature;
An angel sure might enter there,
Nor change, a whit, the creature.

III.

Then come what may, fear or dismay,
I know she my sorrow will share;
Her soul is so sweet, and her eyes such a
treat,
O, Jessie is queen of the fair.

NOW HEAVY CARE.

I.

Now heavy care and aching grief
This swelling breast, are thronging, O;
And wilt thou never give relief
From this consuming longing, O?

II.

When first I viewed thy magic charms,
Fancy was sweetly faring, O;
Now, thou hast me all disarmed,
Sighing, dumb, despairing, O.

III.

If ere soon, thou'lt not allay
The throes, this bosom swelling, O,
Soon beneath the silent clay,
Shall this poor heart be dwelling, O.

IV.

Lassie, then, with sweetest charms,
Say, thou be my dearie!
And, unto these lonely arms,
Haste, O, haste, and cheer me.

JUNE.

I.

This is the month that mother earth makes
 gay,
 When field and wood, in verdant mantles
 clad,
Forth walk, while sun and flitting shadows
 play ;
 And heavy hearts, by magic arts, made
 glad.

II.

Blithe cities, birds are building in the trees ;
 With courteous songs, the courts of nature
 fill,
Fresh in their freedom, from the southern
 seas ;
 And peaceful herds feed slowly on the
 hill.

III.

With garlands green, Spring decks her
 mother's head ;
 And revels in the scene of beauty round ;
Sweet tokens of Heav'n's tryst, about are
 spread,
 While meadows swell, amid triumphant
 sound.

IV.

Rosy her light, and dewy each fresh dawn,
 That makes the morning tremulous, with
 song ;

Up from the passing brook, the verdant
lawn,
All nature one sweet swelling strain
prolong.

V.

While jolly June, in mimic minstrelsy,
Stands tip-toe, on Aurora's ruddy beam ;
And picks, from his finger tips, with gayety,
The twinkling stars, like kisses, that
lightly gleam,

VI.

And throws them, at adoring earth and blue ;
While the sweet earth, like suited maiden
stands,
That blushing dashes from the brush the
dew,
With looks of love concealed by locky
bands.

VII.

Amid such scenes, the robins choose their
mates ;
On fitting wing and playful warbling
throat,
Fling open wide the happy trembling gates
Of song, and flood the earth, with festive
note.

VIII.

Now sweetest sounds the happy maiden's
song,

At fading fall of evening's gentle close ;
The anxious lover fondly lingers long ;
'Tis the natural time of love and sweet
repose.

IX.

And while our hands their loving deeds
employ,

Unwonted beauty, as in dreams, emblaze
The simple wayside blossom with a joy
For him, alone, who walks in nature's
wedded ways.

X.

There's something in her look, that seems
to lift

The soul, a fathom farther toward her God ;
And urges on, while pain and pleasure shift,
The noble in us, to its last abode.



PATIENCE.¹

Hold! grieving spirit, wherefore dost complain

Of thy Father's chastenings, to thy good confined;

Know'st not, the purest metal of the mind,
Is wrought, alone, through virtue's silent-pain?

Than temporal good, far greater joys to gain,
Thy immortal soul should'st yearn, and in the dust,

Earth's broken toys cast down; and waiting trust

For joys immutable. Spirits that reign
O'er mortal's wanderings, and their light afford,

With guiding ray, my darkening path attend;
And well attune my temper to accord,

With Heav'n's own ecstasy, that to this end,
All present concord I may well insure;

Still patiently, to suffer and endure.

¹Written on a bed of pain.



NOW BLEAK'S THE DAY.

I.

Now bleak's the day, and in fierce array,
The winds rush wild together;
O'er the white drifts deep, the storm clouds
sweep;
Surely 'tis wintry weather.

II.

Yet winds and snow, how ere ye blow,
The day, though ne'er so dreary;
Nor drifting tide, nor desert wide,
Can keep me from my dearie.

III.

Were ye as deep or black and bleak,
As Santan ere could make ye;
Or rivers wild, with furies piled,
I'd never stop to take ye.

IV.

For her, I'd brave the mountain side;
For her, I'd stem the ferry;
For her, I'd brave the roaring tide,
Nor longer, will I tarry.

OH! THE LAND IS POOR.

I.

O, the land is poor where the mulleins grow,
But hearts are true as any, O;
And the truest still of all, I know,
Is my sweetheart, my Jennie, O.

II.

Love is her throne and grace, alone,
And beauty bend above her, O ;
May Heav'n forbear, that I should ere,
Too madly, cease to love her, O.

III.

Where ere I go, where ere I stray,
My path is ever dreary, O ;
And with my darling far away,
How can I be but weary, O.

SOME GENTLEMEN THERE ARE.

I.

Some gentlemen there are, and swell
In city ways, and all that ;
To their fond ladies, sweetly tell
Their idle praise, and more than that.

II.

Yet what I've heard and what I've seen,
I ken, their hearts are ill at rest ;
'Twere better far, though poor, I wean,
To trust a faithful lover's breast.

III.

Fair lords of rank and honored race,
High-born but so low-minded ;
Masters of wealth and faultless grace,
In the arts of hell refinéd.

IV.

From virtue's side, to cause to part,
Some modest household treasure;
To ruin a life and break a heart,
That were a passing pleasure.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I.

Light of the world, beneath whose guiding
ray,
Our wandering feet may never stray;
Our hands ne'er grope their hidden way,
Along this nightly shore;
For the Lord, himself, hath come to dwell,
Within His living oracle,
Forever more.

II.

O, for a gleam of that Heavenly ire,
Within this breast, to brighter burn;
Consume its choky false, and turn
That smouldering spark into a fire,
Of flashing truth, though hell's dread urn
Be dried to quench that one desire!

III.

Through this vale of changing scenes, to
bear
Life's little wrongs and mild distress,

With sweet and uncomplaining care;
That is, me thinks, true nobleness
Of woman; she breathes Heav'n's native air;
The excellence of peace and happiness.

IV.

How much he needs, in hours of grief,
Heav'n's golden urn to draw relief;
Who hapless holds no earthly hope,
To cheer him up life's rugged slope;
No loving hand to dry his tears,
Allay his sorrows and his fears,
Or trim the fading light.

THE WORLD'S A JEST.

I.

The world's a jest with many, at best;
To others, full of sinning:
And some find woe, where ere they go,
But others, joy and singing.

II.

And it matters not, what time or spot
May be our place and dwelling;
In stabled stall, as in palace hall,
The springs of life are swelling.

III.

And life is what we make it, but;
Whether flowers or withered stubble.
But the joys that are gain, to others are pain;
And the test of the heart is trouble.

IV.

But our hearts grow cold, as the world wanes
old,

And the more we see of its sinning;
And the smile that peers through a mist of
tears,
Is the one that is worth the winning.

BONNY PEGGY ALLEN.

I.

A morn, when earth was blushing fair,
And I was pressed with grief and care,
I sallied in the open air,
To keep my heart from failin';

II.

At such a time whom should I meet,
Come tripping o'er the dewy wet;
On such a morn, so fresh and sweet,
But bonny Peggy Allen!

III.

And in her hand, besprent with dew,
A bunch of violets white and blue;
And, O, me thought, "The soul of you,"
Bonny Peggy Allen.

IV.

She stood so fresh, so pure, the while,
Then sweetly blushed a dimpled smile;
I helped her o'er the awkward stile,
To keep her feet from fallin'.

V.

And there, I swore, I ne'er could part,
For, O, see held my aching heart;
And then, I swore, I ne'er could part
From bonny Peggy Allen.

VI.

But she'd not listen to my vow ;
She only thought me fooling, O.
Should she refuse, I'd lay me low ;
And all, for Peggy Allen, O.



POVERTY DREAR.¹

I.

How many are they that night and day,
Are ever sad and weary,
With the pains they bear, and their weight
of care;
And the world is, O, so dreary !

II.

While the rich and gay still speed away,
And careless seek for pleasure;
O, little, they know, in this world of woe,
The worth of that priceless treasure.

III.

And little, they feel, for the woe or weal
Of the poor, in the crowded city;
Of the thousands that bear their weight of
care,
Without a heart to pity.

¹Written while standing on the Brooklyn Bridge, after witnessing the disgusting poverty that exists in that vicinity



ELLEN GRAY.

I.

When ends the weary toil of day,
And herds are home-returning ;
Across the moor to my Ellen Gray,
My feet are ever turning.

II.

The setting sun that gilds the west,
A kindled flood of fire,
Is not so bright as I am blest,
When fondly roving by her.

III.

As one by one, the stars appear,
When darkness broods the night, O,
Her jeweled charms to me are dear,
And glitter on my sight, O.

VI.

The little daisy by the way,
The very eye of beauty,
Before her, droops its head to say :
“It is my modest duty.”

V.

Each budding tree and flower declare,
“She is my own, my dearest ;”
And were she not so kind and fair,
Earth were a desert drearest.

VI.

The brooks that down their channels fret,
By flow'ry banks of May, O,
Will all go dry ere I forget :
"I'm happier than they, O."

UNDER THE LILAC.

I.

Over the hill, down by the rill,
Under the lilac tree;
While the little stars shine,
I'll pledge I am thine,
Dear Robin, forever to be.

II.

There let us go, there let us stay,
There let us, Robin dear;
There flee from anxious care away,
From sorrow and from fear.

III.

There odorous sweets,
The grateful sense meets,
Under the lilac tree;
And one little hour, in that happy bower,
Is Heaven itself, with thee.

IV.

The birds to their nest, have now gone to
rest,
Up in the lilac tree;
Yet happier than they, dear Robin, and gay,
This heart that is lost in thee.

V.

No intrusive cry shall invade our joy,
Under the lilac tree;
But supremely blest, with love, I'll rest,
In ecstasy with thee.

VI.

A prince's bride such bliss ne'er enjoyed,
As under a lilac tree;
So honor's pride and wealth may slide;
I'll covet naught, but thee.

SUMMER.

I.

O, this is the season that nature is gay,
And the flow'rets peep up, in the shadow;
While over the haze, the soft wind plays,
And the bobolink sings o'er the meadow.

II.

The little birds telling their tales of love,
Flit round on the boughs together;
And the gentle herds low, by the brooklet
below,
O, surely, 'tis sweet bonny weather.

III.

O, this is the season of all the year,
For there's hardly a day that's dreary;
And the soul seems to rise, as Heav'n draws
near,
And the days are so sweet and cheery.

NATURE SKETCH.

When heaves the troubled breast, with aching care,
And sorrow, like a shadow, falls of night,
Go roam the fields and woodlands wild, and find
How amiable sweet nature is; how strong,
The drooping heart to lift, and flush with life
The spirit fading into languor; when
The soul is true, and faithful glows upon
The hearth of all her human sympathies.
To you, a choice companion and a friend,
Long-sought—at last restored in fond embrace,
The dearer for his absence—will she prove.
Beneath her warm familiar smile, that far
Transcends the smiles of royalty, the heart's
Long frozen snows begin to drip and melt;
From her maternal lips that ever bless,
Her tender words of fond endearment fall,
Like the softened strains that lulled our infancy.

And yet her guilt-directing frown doth make
The villain shudder, 'neath his conscious shroud

Of inner darkness dread; and from her flee,
As from a wasting pestilence, to hide.
How low, his state that can no higher rise,
Than 'long the dark and chilly wall of dull
Material, to grope—foreign to the natural.
Who, comfortless and wholly unaware
Of that infinite beauty, silent and
Sustaining, doth all power deny save in
The tangible. While sure, though softly,
glides
Behind the curtain of the seen, that high
And pure Invisible. The simplest flower
That decks yon tow'ring wood or meadow
green,
Betrays the hidden touches of His person;
The fathomless heights of heav'n are teeming
with
His presence; all the refulgent glory that
smiles
Upon a lower world and makes it bright
And beauteous, is but the streakings of
A brighter dawn, where manifest and free
From mortal insult, the "Long-felt, Unseen"
Is clad in garments visible.

Yet ere,
To that far-distant realm, the ravished soul
Repair ; and pass Death's mighty threshold
to that
Familiar hearth whose genial glow regales

The wondering visitor, with distant memories,
A solemn voice, more deep than audible,
Ever persuades: "The hand for ages, that
Has held, without a jar, the infinite orbs
Of heaven in intermingled multitudes
That swing, each in his destined circuit, shall
For his own dear image in the human, care.
Or far to the West, lead their inquiring steps
Where stand, like surly sentinels to guard
The outposts of existence, many a mass
Of huge and heaving rock, impenetrable;
Whose awful feet, in adamantine depths,
Are stayed; yet there, within those mighty
depths

Unfathomed, that eloquent Invisible
Abideth; which the gay forget and fools
Deny in vain; but which in milder hours
Of purer being, stands confessed in all
The open beauty of His eloquence.

And like the bird escaped the prison bars
Of its long-loathed cage, flies straight against
The sun, the spirit of this prison-house
Of clay still anxious waits the fatal stroke
That unbars the gruesome gate and the cap-
tive soul

Sets free, that joyously on silent wings,
Retires, through milder gales to beat its
flight;

And blissful soar in that deep-raptured realm.

Nor is, nor earth was ever meant for thine
Eternal sad abode—earth claims her own,
But Heav'n requires the rest. Her peaceful
vales;

Her lakes; her verdant fields; and deserts
wild,

Of vast untreasured ores; her ancient woods
That majestic in their solitudes have reigned
For ages; her lifeless wastes, and ocean's
broad

Expanse, whose depths the finny tribes
traverse

And treasures lie, were made for thee to tread
Upon; and in themselves, to spurn beneath
A hastening heel for broader vision—this,
But the listless infant of a greater world;
The grub-state of a loftier being.

This, shalt thou only tread upon and in
A higher and ethereal atmosphere,
Shalt move and wake thy natural being.

And when this mortal round of sombre care
Is wrought, wrapt in the radiant folds of that
Propitious robe, homeward thy happy way,
To lead, this mortal mold that shakles thee,
And binds the fluttering impulse of a pure
And higher being, thou shalt disdain, and in
Due season, calm resign, and willingly;
To leave its present precincts where sharp
frosts

And winds untimely blast the spirit's growth ;
And caught from that gloomy gulf's nether
domain,
Shall soar, at last, in that untainted and
Clear ether, where no hoary night broods o'er
Its depths ; but warmed by the golden light
of an
Eternal sun, thou long shall bask in balm,
All uncreated, of a calm, eternal noon.

SLAVERY.

Arise, stern guardian of our land,
And stretch thy awful hand,
From shore to shore ;
And grasp that venom'd curse,
Of hell-hound pests, the nurse,
That plague us sore.
And from our sickened sight,
Remove this hell-born blight,
For ever more ;
'Till the last traitor stand
Chained on thy bleeding strand,
And trembling sore,
Freed from the tyrant's claim,
And his hard servile chain,
Firm, may we still remain ;
Our strength restored.

Thou, our avenger be ;
Union and liberty,
Forever, one in thee,
 Our peace afford ;
While empires stand in awe,
Of freedom's light and law,
 Forever more.
And when the clouds of war
Bedim our nation's star,
Regardless, stand thou not afar—
 Still reigning o'er.
Loud, let the tempests rage !
Hell, her foul pests engage !
Thy words the wind assuage,
 With quiet o'er.
From a dishonored grave,
Master of wind and wave,
Our country's honor save,
 Forever more ;
And when the storm is past,
Of cloud and reeking blast,
Fix our firm anchor fast,
 Upon the shore.

The author is unfortunately late in producing this essay ; but it shows, however, a clear and decided aversion to the principles that it opposes ; and, in our humble opinion, would probably have made a strong impression on the public mind if written forty years ago. —Publisher.

YON DREARY MOOR.

I.

The rising moon is on the mead,
Yon stormy moor, yon dreary moor ;
The wind now breaks, with angry heed,
Across it sore, across it sore.

II.

Yet dearer far than sunny plains,
Yon lonely moor, yon dreary moor !
For there my lovely lassie reigns,
So sweet and pure, so sweet and pure.

III.

The richest scenes of distant skies,
Cannot compare, cannot compare,
With the glory of her beaming eyes,
So bright and fair, so bright and fair.

IV.

The constant laws of earth and air
Are not so sure, not half so sure,
As the pledgings of her bosom fair,
So sweet and pure, so sweet and pure.

V.

The blushings of the morning ray,
Or waking light, or waking light
Were far more drear, with her away,
That darkest night, than darkest night.

SUNRISE.

Hail, happy morn, that com'st, with kind-
ling grace,

A slumb'ring world and sorrowful, to bless;
That lov'st the infant day to fondly press,
And show'r thy kisses o'er his laughing face.
From thy native seat of light, thou com'st
to chase,

In thy angelic rage, the brooding night,
'To his dark cell; and spread thy peaceful
light,

Over a troubled world; while man his place
Of various toil and care, doth now regain;
And all the world is waking with a sense
Of duty. O, holy light, if can't'st remain,
To bless us with thy native innocence,

Within our hearts, renew the blissful tide,
Our paths to lighten and our feet to guide.

AGE—A SKETCH.

"The world's at fault," and on his cane,
The old man rested his head again;

"The hope of youth, that bore me up,
Has left but the foam in pleasure's cup,
And in the heart sad tears."

Here 'rose a sigh from his heavy breast,
Hard with the cares of age oppressed,
And the loneliness of years.

“Is this the common fate of all ?
And doth no happier ere befall
The old man than existence ?
O, what a luckless, false mirage,
This reaching after lofty stars,
Against a world's resistance !
And yet, what is that pean strain,
I hear so oft, but list in vain,
With this dull comprehension ?
Though age is there, peace doth attend ;
Hope is renewed, and that great end,
We dread with so sharp apprehension,
That hope renews, that peace supplies,
That strength affords, that end defies,
With all its weird grimaces.
'Tis Heav'n 's the spark that strikes the
flame,
That lights this dark and earthly frame,
With all her angel faces.”

ASPIRATION.

“The famous cry for obscurity ;
The obscure cry for fame ;
And where ere you go,
In this world of woe,
The murmur is the same.”

TO A HARVEST MOUSE.¹

I.

Poor little helpless thing !
What pain do I bring
By this unaiméd sting !
Thy wee breast tells
What terror swells
Thy fearful heart with pain.

II.

How frail, thy trembling form
Pierced by this cruel thorn !
Fierce is the raging storm
Thy shortened cries reveal ;
Truly, I deeply feel
This hard and cruel harm.

III.

Foot and fork I've closely guarded ;
Thus has fate sorely rewarded
All the care for thee, I've hoarded,
And thy timid weal ;
That now with heartless steel,
Our injured friendship 's bordered.

¹ The occasion of writing this poem was one day while in the harvest field, the tine of my fork was accidently thrust through the body of a little harvest mouse. Its little shrieks of agony were so piteously painful as to solicit the keenest touch of human sympathy. And as I knelt down over the little creature, struggling so hopelessly for its unoffending life, the above thoughts formulated themselves into expression.

IV.

Soon no more beside thy nest,
Walls and ceiling snugly pressed,
Daisies bend their nodding crest,
 To the rising sun
 Or sinking one,
For lo! thou art, now, at rest.

V.

Nor on the grass, the dew
Shall gleam at morn for you;
No more shall skies be blue,
 Nor sun shall shine
 Nor weeds entwine
For thee to wander through.

VI.

What miser nipping, knaving,
What niggard, wildly raving,
Would do thee harm for saving
 His unhappy store,
 Loses that and doubly more,
With Heaven's smile for all his slaving.

O, FORTUNE'S BLAST.

I.

O, Fortune's blast now sweeps me past,
 With angry sighs and surly, O;
My friends, they all now crowd the wall,
 And that's unchristian surely, O.

II.

Yet wealth may flee and friends, to sea;
I'll ne'er grow sad and weary, O,
While the lass, I love all else above,
Is aye so sweet and cheery, O.

III.

Ye anxious watching powers above,
That joy in scenes of virtuous love,
Can ye not weep for pity, O?
O, snatch from her pale Want's alarms,
And bless these lonely waiting arms,
With all I love, my Kitty, O.

O, MEMORY DREAR.

I.

Now the wee swallows twitter about the nest,
Or skim o'er the daisied meadows;
While the wearied sun pales low in the west
And settles the gloom and the shadows.

II.

And the slender moon drops out of the sight
And hope in this breast is sinking;
For the gloom comes on with the gathering
night,
And, aye, of the past I'm thinking.

III.

Ye distant joys, forever gone,
Ye may wring this sad heart ever;
But while life shall cling to this aching breast
I can forget ye, never.

IV.

I think on ye, and I could weep,
And a light flashes up in the shadow;
Then returns the gloom and the brooding
deep,
And all's more dark and sad, O.

V.

Like the sudden glare of the mid-night flash
Strikes out on the gloom and the night, O;
Then returns the dark and the thunderous
crash,
And no more hope of the light, O.

FORSAKEN.

I.

Now the wee daisies bloom in the flowery
vales,
And the lambkins bleat over the meadow;
And the little birds, telling their love-born
tales,
Flit by in the sun and shadow.

II.

But I am sad and all alone,
And sighing for my lover;
Yet I may weep and sigh and moan,
But he'll return to me, never.

III.

For he has found a fairer love—
But is her heart more kind and true?
O, I would do—what would I not?—
For the love I bear for you, for you.

IV.

Ye Heav'n of loves, ye mocking bliss,
That smile on me so sore, so sore;
I'm for a brighter world than this,
For I can bear no more, no more.

YE LITTLE FLOW'RS.

I.

Ye little flow'rs, that bloom so fair,
And gaily deck the meadows sweet,
Ye are so pure so free from care,
To see you, is a bonny treat.

II.

Yet as I look on ye, my heart
With aching grief is swelling;
And all unbidden, rise and start
Fond thoughts, too sad for telling.

III.

I gaze on ye, and I could weep,
Ye mind me of my dearie ;
Now sad and lone is her silent sleep;
And O, this fond heart is weary.

THE SAILOR'S HOME.

I.

Now the waning moon drops out of the west,
Nor more shall cheer the lonely night, O ;
And my true lover's far abreast
On distant seas and lost to sight, O.

II.

On angry seas and lost to sight,
By howling gale and tempest driven ;
With thoughts of home and peaceful light,
I know his lonely heart is riven.

III.

Where ere he roams, his aching breast
Will, aye, for his sweet home be pining ;
For the little ones, he loves the best,
And the love-lights, for him shining.

IV.

Thou withering orb, haste thy return !
And with thee, bring our dearie, O ;
No matter then if ne'er ye burn,
No night will ere be dreary, O.

STORM ON GALILEE.¹

Slowly with the sun departing
From the shores of Galilee,
In a flood of glory starting
On the bosom of the sea,
Sprang a vessel sprightly bounding
O'er the long waves deep and blue ;
While from the fainting distance sounding,
Songs upon the billows blew.

¹ With a few exceptions, I have left these purile verses in their original simplicity and inelegance that inexperience and lack of culture has besmeared them, being one of my very early efforts.

Scarce from land, the sailors gladly
Flapping sail and rigging, gave
To the wind that stirring madly
Moved to foam the sportive wave.

Th' quiet harbor soon had vanished
In the pleasures of the sea;
Peevish fears and care were banished
In their native, nautic glee.

Plied she well, their gallant vessel,
Straining eager in her course;
While the climbing sailors wrestle
With the gale now growing hoarse.

Slow, the silent moon ascended
O'er the rolling, roaring tide,
Like a gracious queen attended,
By radiant myriads at her side;

Yet the loveliness that crowned her,
Mid the grandeur of the night,
Threw a misty mantle round her,
Like a robe of satin white.

Soon a sombre shroud o'er spread her,
Veiling queen and courtiers gay;
While the vessel, laboring led her
Passage through the boisterous spray.

High and heavy heaved each billow;
And the vessel rocked and rolled,

Like a babe on sleepless pillow,
In a fever uncontrolled.

Banks of darkness, dense, menacing,
Frowning, rose beneath her feet ;
Swaying each his sceptre, chasing,
Flashing, furious, fierce and fleet.

Winds unbridled fiercely wrangle,
For the struggling prize and frail ;
Making of the mast a mangle,
And a tangle of the sail.

Careless glee and sportive laughter,
In the pleasures of the sea,
Faded fast and fearful, after
Terror followed jollity.

On the shore, the songs no longer
Resonant and merry rise ;
But a weary wailing, stronger,
Of their danger-driven ties.

In a mountain, nearer Heaven—
Where the watch is still and lone—
With the darkness of eleven,
Like a garment round Him thrown,

Prayed our ' Blessed Lord,' there kneeling
To the Father of all light ;
Who in tenderness was feeling
All the terror of the night.

Prayed He there, amid the quiet,
And the stillness of the hour,
For His dole of Heavenly diet,
And His Father's love and power.

Fully satisfied, prayer ending,
Hastened the 'Heavenly Host' away,
And—the mountain He descending—
Sped unto their native day.

Black, the night, the clouds mix madly;
Fishers' wives along the shore
Left the lonely candles sadly
Flickering all the dread night o'er.

He, our Lord, across the ocean,
Kenned the darkness o'er the sea;
Saw the ship, amid commotion,
Tumbling over Galilee.

Ship and sailor weary growing,
As waves were heaving mountain high,
Seemed like a willow helpless blowing
'Neath a mountain in the sky.

Then as on the crest she wavered,
Like impending rock or cliff,
Gallantly the sailors labored
Lest their bark should hell-ward drift.

Wasting with the waves, she drifted
To engulfing depths below;

Slowly her bruised beak she lifted,
As she rose a feeble foe.

Then as on the top she rested,
O'er the waters far away,
Sailors saw the billows crested
With the light of dawning day;

Some supposing it a spirit,
Or a demon from below,
In affright, gave way to fear it,
As a fiend or fatal foe.

Others deeming it the morning
Or the messenger of day,
Banished maddened fear and mourning,
Ceding hope a brighter sway.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
All the sea was bathed in light;
As th' approaching vision brightened—
Now half human, spectral sight.

Swiftly o'er the waters, winding,
Of the boisterous sea, it sped;
Breathing terror with it, binding
All aghast with mortal dread.

Near and nearer drew the vision,
O'er the script-like billows blue;
Wrapt in robes of light elisian,
Toward the enchanted vessel drew.

Mid dismay, the sailors trembled,
Each the other's terror read ;
In each fearful face assembled,
Anxious hope and pallor spread.

Hardy hearts dissolved to water ;
Boisterous billows broad and steep
Rolled the vessel wild, and caught her
Madly tumbling o'er the deep.

Mid the tumult and commotion
Of the vessel bounding wild,
Helmsman left his stern devotion,
Like a thoughtless, frightened child.

Oarsmen wandered from their duty,
Idle left the loosened oar ;
Ruin almost grasped her booty
At destruction's open door.

Such a guest of light celestial,
Mid the darkness of the hour,
Fear compelled and terror bestial,
To enlist their perilous power.

In an attitude deploring,
Prone upon the vessel's floor,
Christian, Pagan, Jew imploring
Beat upon his altar's door.

Hands outstretched in prayer entreating,
Each his God and idol prayed

To deliver them from meeting,
Death, in his destructive raid.

Suddenly the darkness faded
Into the light of the lovely moon ;
All the twinkling stars were laded
With the sweetness of the noon ;

Billows bold, like ripples, trembled,
O'er the bosom of the sea ;
Quiet loveliness assembled,
Over lovely Galilee,

As in tender tones the Master
Of the mountain, storm and sky,
Spoke, in pity of a pastor:
“ Peace, be not afraid, 'tis I.”

LINES ON BIRTH OF NIECE.

I.

Sweet little helpless one,
Thou'st, with the waking sun,
An unknown day begun,
o sweetly blest.

II.

O, may misfortune's grasp
Ne'er, on thy tender breast,
Be laid, as so cruel wast
On mine and sore ;

But many a cherished smile
Linger on thee the while;
And care and grief exile,
For joys the more.

III.

Over life's restless sea,
Bright may thy voyage be;
And in yon harbor see
Thy distant rest.

IV.

Strong be the ship you sail,
Kind every driving gale;
True may your guide prevail
Till yonder shore,
In peaceful calm, you reach;
There on the sunny beach,
Through smoother seas to stretch,
For ever more.

HOW SWEET YE BLOOM!

I.

How sweet ye bloom, ye flow'ry vales,
As ye were aye so cheery;
As Winter ne'er with howling gales,
Swept down ye, O, so dreary.

II.

The swallows wanton through the eve,
With twittering never weary;
While I am sad and left to grieve,
In absence of my dearie.

III.

Ye memories of departed years,
Ye're over kind for pity;
Ye sear the heart, with unshed tears—
A sweet forgotten ditty.

“TO A SLEEPING DRUNKARD.”

I.

Sick, senseless sleeper, art thou he,
But yesterday, whose infancy
Was basked in beams of charity!
Whom a fond heart nursed
And oft rehearsed
Her joys, her hopes and prayers for thee.

II.

Art thou that happy lad, who bade
That drooping flow'r rise, when the shade
Of grief fell dark and chill? And happy made
Her anxious heart,
Whose every part
Of care, upon thy weal, was laid.

III.

Art thou that youth that stood so strong,
In Heaven's light; thy path along,
That lit the way through life's mad throng;
Burnished the right,
With radiant light,
And marked full well, the monstrous wrong?

IV.

Art thou that true, when somber Death
Breathed on her lips that chilling breath,
That charged full well thy plighted breast,
 With Heaven's strength,
 And thine, at length,
To crown her long eternal rest ?

V.

May Heav'n forbid her ravished sight,
Supremely blest in realms of light,
Ere to behold this bitter blight,
 That fades her flower !
 O, chill, the hour
That bade thee bloom, that ill-starred night.

VI.

But wake, for now 'tis courteous day ;
Heav'n smiles and all the earth is gay ;
All nature, in her sweet array,
 Invites to holy living ;
 And Heaven itself is all-forgiving,
O, haste, and to thy better self away.

VII.

To quench thy hot eternal thirst,
Heav'n's gushing founts of healing burst ;
A soul may grovel in the dust,
 And die an angel yet ;
 Though ne'er so low, his day star set,
May still regain his native trust.

DECEMBER.

I.

As now, my dear, with lonely eyes,
I scan this bleak December ;
The clouded and the angry skies ;
How can I but remember,

II.

The wooded knoll, the shady green,
The brown and sunburnt heather ;
The moonlight sheen and shade between,
Where oft, we roved together ?

III.

But now, that you're so far away,
And I'm so sad and weary ;
What else, could nature but decay,
And all the world be dreary ?

MY SAILOR LAD.

I.

Nature again herself adorns ;
The wee birds warble mid the thorns,
But I am sad and weary.
Ye little birds, ye're over kind ;
Ye wist not that ye hurt my mind,
Ye are so sweet and cheery.

II.

For I am lone and I am sad,
Long-parted from my sailor lad,
Out on a sea so dreary.

What pains my bosom more forlorn,
I know his heart is sad and torn,
With longings for his dearie.

III.

Ye powers above, whose anxious care
Delights in human grief to share,
Watch ye around my dearie !
O, ward him safe from Death's alarms,
And bring him back to these waiting arms ;
And then, I'll ne'er be dreary.

‘LIBRE CUBA.’¹

Bold tides of cruel carnage, murd'ring
thunder's roar,
Devouring flames of fury sweep our ravished
shore;
From gushing gores and cruel, to 'Thee,
the dying call,
For Thou, O, Father God, art good and
over all ;
To Thee, when all things human fail and find
an end,
Good ship of Peace and Freedom to our
harbor send.

¹Again, we lament the late date of publishing this essay. Although there is nothing of timidity expressed throughout it, yet we must infer that his only reason for not publishing it before was his being too fearful of criticism. However, the extravagant sentiment and pictures herein given are only too faithfully portrayed.—Publisher.

Clouds gather ; darkness broods ; brave
souls are palled with fear ;

Of present woes and cruel, great God of
Battles, hear.

Our homes and habitation are choked with
human gore ;

And truth seems all forgotten ; is faith and
love no more ?

Humanity and honor lie prostrate on the
plain ;

And pierced by a heartless villain, bleed
at every vein.

Harsh hands of tyranny the tongue of jus-
ice, seize ;

And weeping virtue, all in vain, presses the
coward's knees.

Pale Death, in sombre trains, traverse our
wasted lands ;

And leaves her crimson vestige on the
bleeding sands.

Cruel she rolls and ruthless wheels her
gloomy course,

Besmeared with human carnage, led on by
cruel force.

And many a helpless victim, beneath her
grating wheels,

In depths of dying anguish, every baffle
feels.

Through threatening clouds of fear, grope
our lame unpitied arms,
While Dread and Impotence the fainting
soul disarms;

If aught of tender pity pass us on the way,
Tis but the breath of noontide, lost in the
heat of day.

Her train, now in the distance, leads a piti-
ous trail,
And at the sight, souls tremble, and war-
riors' blades turn pale.

The few who have escaped are held by a
heartless power,
Beneath whose stinging lash and steel,
they helpless cower.

Oppression all unfeeling holds the hapless
land;
And voiceless honor trembles 'neath his iron
hand.

Stalwart he stalks across the bleeding
plain :

And at each stride, the ground shrieks
forth a groan of pain,

O'er hearts that feel the human, he ruthless
stalks along,

To join the noisy orgies of a savage throng;
There drunken in a heathen temple wildly
feasts

The monster, on our children's blood,
warm from their tender breasts;
Red, from the crimson urn, he lifts his drip-
ping hands;
And surfeited, he shrieks across the weeping
sands.

Omnipotent Jehovah, now perform Thy
name,
Ere innocence be ruined in a parent's
shame.

As blinding mists disperse, at the waking of
the morn;

As noisy clamors cease, beneath the echoing
horn,

So drive forever, from our sad and mourn-
ful shore,

The murderous din and mists that crimson
round us pour.

Gild our lone landscape with a gleam of
that peaceful dawn,

Ere fostering hope be drowned in gloom,
and every charm be gone;

Too long, humanity is torn with pains and
fears;

O! touch, once more, the tender strain
that softens into tears.



WASHINGTON.

All hail, our glorious chief, that timely came,
And led'st our embattled patriots to fight;
And crowned'st their deeds with laurels
of their might,

Forever thus, shall we adore thy name,
"Fair statue on the pedestal of fame."

Nor storm nor tide thy beauty, shall
assail;

But succeeding suns shall brighten, as
they sail;

And in thy country's love, art still the same.

No French blood, this, that strove beyond
control,

Insatiate ardor, worthy of its end;

Grasped at what most, his hand could
never hold—

A bloody grave, his tribute to a friend;

But rather thou, mild shepherd of the
brave,

Did'st risk thine own, thy country's voice
to save.



AMERICA.¹

America, my dear, my native soil,
That gave to liberty and justice, birth ;
Land, where the freedman reaps his chosen
toil,
Nor frets, in chains, that gall a shackled
earth ;
Land, where the pilgrim finds his long-
sought rest,
The world's ambition and envied paradise ;
Thou noble land, we proudly call "the
best,"
Whose praises in sweet concord ever rise ;
Stern, are the dangers, that upon thy peace-
ful strand,
Like palid specters, in lone mid-night,
stand.
Yet, land of light and golden liberty,
Thou safe amid all dangers standest free ;
What foe, presumptuous, would dare to vie,
With Heaven's light, earth's proudest
hope and thee ?
In vain, a hostile world 'gainst thee would
strive,
With feeble bands, thy conquerer to be ;
Heroes assemble at thy just command,

¹Written at the begining of the Spanish-American war when the United States was threatened by the combined forces of Europe.

Tyrants and cowards turn dismayed and
flee ;
Brave myriads, all brightly arméd, stand,
Before thee, hearts aglow and souls alive,
With light devine and liberty and thee ;
Let tyrants threaten and villians stain
Heaven's law,
Kingdoms shall tremble and kings shall
stand in awe ;
And thou, fair land, the torch of freedom
bright,
Shalt reign, unrivaled in thy radiant
light.
For thee, our warmest prayers to Heaven
ascend ;
Warm, glow our hearts, thee eager to de-
fend.
For thee, our proudest hopes still fondly
rise ;
With thine, our hands are clasped in
sacred ties.
For thee our willing hearts would freely pour
Their warmest life blood, thy loved garments
o'er,
To shield thee in the fight.



LAUS DEO.¹

AN ODE.

Lord of our liberty, won and preserved ;
God of our fathers,' honored and served ;
 Guard of our nation, we praise and adore,
 Exalted Thy name and revered evermore.
Thanks for the care, Thou hast kept when
 most needed ;
 Care that sustained in the midst of the
 fight.
Thanks for the strength, Thou hast proved
 which we pleaded,
 Power, that maintained the dread stand-
 ard of right.
We know the hand that points our path so
 true,
In this land of light, from death and
 dangers through ;
 And long may the light of Thy presence
 devine,
 O'er a worshipping people in liberty, shine.
Well might Israel chant Thy omnipotent
 name,
At the altar, and priests touch the Heavenly
 flame ;
 For Thou went'st before them, to spend
 the foe ;

¹Written at the close of the Spanish-American war.

Thou marshaled'st their journey; Thou
dealt'st the blow,
That brought us our freedom, our cause,
our name ;
The ' Idol of Nations,' imperishable fame.
Yet ours, be the message, and Thine, be
the glory,
Till Kingdoms shall crumble and Time
shall turn hoary.

THOU LITTLE BIRD.

I.

Thou little bird, on yonder bush,
That sweetly wakes the morning ;
Thou'lt break my heart, with songs so sweet,
The arts of nature 'dorning.

II.

Thou minds me of a silent voice,
That once as sweetly warbled ;
Thou tells of joys, forever gone,
And of a heart, sore troubled.

III.

And could I now, with days of yore,
Recall a nameless pleasure !
But, O, she's gone, forever more,
My sweetheart and my treasure.

IV.

And thou too, gone, thou bonny bird ?
And why so soon departed ?
When thy wee breast's so sweetly blest,
To soothe the broken-hearted ?

“Sense makes the humorist ;
The want of it, the fool.”

FAIR MOLLY TWEED.

I.

O, the strawberry blows, by the brook, in
the mead ;
For nectar, the bee roams the lea ;
Yet fairer than flowers, is my own Molly
Tweed,
And sweeter than nectar of bee.

II.

In a shadowy nook, by a bend in the way,
Her little cot may be seen ;
Yet empire's palace, all gilded and gay,
Never sheltered a worthier queen.

III.

As light as the lambkins, that gambol the
morning ;
As sweet as the lark, that sings o'er the lea ;
All nature's arts, to perfection adorning,
Fall sweetest on her, that is dearest to me.

IV.

O ! riches and honor, the world may deny me ;
I covet them not, for they only betray.
In one little hour, she will ever be nigh me,
And then 'twill be Heaven, with Molly for
aye.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF DISCONTENT
AND WANDERING.

Now beauteous nature
Her fair self arrays ;
And over the landscape
And vale, lightly plays.
There's mirth in her measure,
There is joy in her play ;
But what is all pleasure
When one's far away
From the friends of his bosom ;
And sadly must rove
From the land of his liking
And the fair of his love ?
When the heart beats with anguish
And falls the sad tear,
And the soul can but languish
For scenes once so dear ?



THOU BOBOLINK.

I.

Thou Bobolink, that sings so blithe o'er the
leas,

“ Give over your songs for pity, O ;”
Thou minds me of the happy days,
I spent with thee and Kitty, O.

II.

’Twas never thus, thou sang so sad,
When I was with my dearie, O ;
’Twas only joy, thy numbers had,
And hours were ne’er so dreary, O.

III.

‘Twas never thus, thou grieved my heart ;
Nor filled me thus, with anguish, O ;
Now grief alone, thou dost impart,
And lost ’s my soul, to languish, O.

IV.

Beneath the oak, beside the hill,
She promised to be my dearie, O ;
But now her heart is so cold and still,
How can I be but weary, O ?

NOW WILDLY RAVES.

I.

Now wildly raves the woods of winter,
Neath the mad and driving cloud,
And wildly sweeps the tempest toiling,
In angry blasts and loud.

II.

And grief now breaks my heart to languish
O, Death, thy cruel dart!
Now I must still live on in anguish
Of a lone and fainting heart.

III.

For joy is gone from me forever,
Forever and for aye;
For in the church yard sleeps my lover;
There, too, I soon shall lay.

ALICE.

I.

Sweet Alice, thy name
In the passionate flame
Of the furious, ravishing fire,
That within this breast,
At Heaven's behest,
Is fed, by immortal desire!

II.

When the wind breaks cold,
And the day wanes old,
Then its embers are glowing the longer
When my heart would fail,
Or harsh fortune bewail,
Then, inspiring, it rises the stronger.

III.

O ! for once, to own
The sweet tender tone
Of a soul, that's so gentle and mild !
How glad in the rapture,
I'd yield to the capture
And move, with its melody wild !

IV.

Has Heaven forbidden ;
Or hast thou but hidden
The friendship I feel so, between us ?
By all that is fair,
I promise and swear,
There's naught, from our love, that shall
wean us.

V.

Long in silence adoring,
Thy virtue exploring,
I've waited nor dared I, to break it ;
But now, like a dream,
A vague something doth seem,
Within, to arise and awake it.

VI.

And if thou wilt fire
This kindling desire,
And give the fond welcome to me ;
Supremely blest,
With love I'll rest,
In sweet content with thee.

VII.

Yet if lonely and lost,
All aimless I'm tost,
 To wander life's restless main,
May Heaven's kind wand,
To yon glittering strand,
 Guide safe, through the billows of pain.

VIII.

And perhaps, on that shore,—
Where partings are o'er,—
 As I wander the realms of the blest,
Thy like I may find—
So gentle and kind—
 But in no other place, can it rest.

O, SAD, THE DAY.

I.

Now drearily the sad rain falls,
 On grassy hill and furrowed lea;
While I am sad, for my sailor lad
 Is far away from me.

II.

Still falls the show'r, on blade and flow'r,
 All withered by an early frost;
And beneath the wave, in a watery grave,
 My faithful sailor lad is tossed.

III.

O, sad, the day he went away,
From home and from his lover ;
For she must weep and he must sleep,
In silence now forever.

TO A BIRD TWITTERING PITIFULLY AT
MIDNIGHT.

I.

Thou little bird that breaks the night,
With notes of thy unhappy plight,
What pains thy little bosom ?

II.

Perchance the fowler's heartless snare
Has reeked on thee his foul despair,
May Heav'n and mercy lose him !

III.

Thy wee mate's wing there caught and bled,
She nestles down so cold and dead,
Where the little flowrets blossom.

IV.

Or was thy little mate untrue ;
Hast hurt or sorely slighted you,
To bring such sad despairing ?

V.

No peaceful sleep attends my rest ;
While aching care disturbs thy breast,
Nor grief nor anguish sparing.

VI.

O, that the power, that watches o'er us,
Some louder notes of grief would store us
And save this inward tearing!

LINES ON SISTER, WHEN AT THE BRINK
OF DEATH.

In vain, ye wipe the falling tear,
In vain, ye weep and sigh;
'Tis Heaven itself inhabits here;
And angels never die.

ON SAME WHEN STILL WORSE.

O, Thou, that metes our earthly bliss,
If virtue move Thee any;
Deprive us not of all we love,
But spare us yet our Jennie.

ON HEARING OF THE UNNECESSARY
SLAUGHTER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Great God, these erring mortals 've gone
too far,
That share a common Father's love and
care!
Like beasts in the arena, tear each other
down,
And glory in the mischief they have done.

BRING BACK MY DARLING TO ME.

I.

Thou moon that looks over the mountain,
Thou moon that looks over the sea,
Thou moon that looks over the mountain,
Bring thoughts of my darling to me;
The thought that he ever is faithful,
The thought that he's happy and free;
Sweet thought that he ever is thinking,
And ever is thinking of me.

II.

Ye birds that fly over the ocean,
Ye birds that fly over the sea,
Ye birds that fly over the ocean,
Bring news of my darling to me.
Bring news that he ever is sighing,
And longing his darling to see;
Sweet news that he ever is sighing;
And longing and sighing for me.

III.

Ye ships that sail over the ocean,
Ye ships that sail over the sea,
Ye ships that sail over the ocean,
O, bring back my darling to me.
For, Oh! this sad heart is lonely,
And never from sighing is free;
Yet I'd ever be happy if only
Ye'd bring back my darling to me.

IV.

Ye winds that blow over the ocean,
Ye winds that blow over the sea,
Ye winds that blow over the ocean,
O, blow back my darling to me.
O, spread o'er his sails your soft pinions,
And gently breath over the sea ;
O, spread o'er his sails your soft pinions,
And blow him back gently to me.

THE OLD BARD'S LAMENT.

My hands are stiffened with the cold,
And I can feel no more ;
For I am weak and I am old,
I can not walk as yore.
Come, kindly lead me to the fane,
Where fans that sacred fire ;
That I may warm that wistful strain,
And touch the soul's desire.
In youth, when love provoked the soul,
Its currents swelling rose ;
And harmless joys did happy roll,
And flood, in dream's repose.
Then, through the green and flowery grove,
Wrapt in the arms of high delight,
I wandered with my lofty love,
In radiant robes and white.

And sang the song our bliss expressed—
 So happy! So divine !
As tenderly, our joys confessed
 And love, with mirth, entwined.

O, sweet, the influence of the hour
 That innocent love doth grace !
Then nature seems one budding flower
 And earth, a resting place.

Then morn awoke, in her beauty dressed ;
 Noon basked in a lovely light,
And eve reclined on a placid breast,
 In the soft arms of the night.

But, O, the stern, cold hand of age,
 That love and youth are past,
Hath senseless chilled that noble rage ;
 Yet memories, aye, will last.

All hushed eve goes and comes the dawn,
 But their light is not the same,
“And, O, for the touch of a hand that is gone,
 The sound of a silent name.”

Sadly, I yearn to yield the touch—
 A lone, unhappy heart ;
Yet, groping toward yon flickering torch,
 I hope the better part.

He is not best, that sineth least,
 But who is most forgiven ;

This makes his home with man and beast;
That enters league with Heaven.

Oh, my life, have we not had roses bloom,
When the world was chilled to the core;
Sweet rapture, when life without was but
gloom,
And shall they not be any more?

Let fickle fools presumtuous say,
"The world estranged from love is;"
First know, what prompts the heart to pray
And lose itself above us.

Earth is not all of bitter taste,
All lights are not misleading;
Yet the meadow brook is first to waste,
And the loveliest flow'r, in bleeding.

TO A WHIPPO-WIL.

I.

O, cease your noise, ye senseless lute,
Ye've never seen my Kitty;
For one sweet look would melt your note,
To pleadings, full of pity.

II.

Yet if ye'd share an equal treat,
But view that lily yonder;
A soul as pure, an eye as sweet,
And a lady's sense of honor.

III.

But though she's sweet, and though she's
fair,

To me, she's often cruel;
Yet still, I'll wait and still I'll bear,
To count my precious jewel.

TO AN OLD TREE UPROOTED BY A STORM.

I.

Hail, my old familiar friend,
With arms stretched to defend
My languid way,
From the heat of day,
Lies lowly slain.

The tempest's wild storm
With stately form
Thou long hast braved,
When he loudly raved
'Gainst thee in vain;

But now at last
With a wild shriek and blast
He strides o'er thy crest amain;
And thee, no more,
Shall he adore,
As he rides the swift harnessed plain.

II.

I know each end
And broken bend,

In the hollow under the hill;
Over field and fen
And the noisy glen,
Where the hawks call loud and shrill,
And through thy bowers,
Of the soft cooling hours,
The squirrel oft chirruped away;
And the little bird
His sweet ditty heard
And joined in his happy lay.
And thy love-weary swain
Heart-broken has lain
As he languished to grief, a prey,
'Neath thy soothing shade,
In the plashy glade,
And dreamed of his love in the lane;
And the noisy brook
And the silent nook
Where he sought for her hand in vain.

III.

And the cold barren rock
Shattered, too, by the shock
Thy state to the brook doth deplore;
O'er the quiet green,
And the silvan scene,
Where pleasure and love are no more.
Alas that we,
Like unhappy thee,
Must cease when but we begin to be!

IV.

Oh, my soul awake
And the warning take ;
To arms ! ere the conflict is past ;
For swift time will blow,
Where, thou mayest not know,
Thy deeds that forever will last.
Thou, too, art a tree,
Of fair unity ;
And pleasure or sorrow will cast.
Thy branches should'st raise,
O'er the sad weary gaze—
A solace and strength for the weak ;
Thy ignoble roots
And dark-seeking shoots
Their native caverns should seek ;
There to mold and to rust,
In oblivion's dust,
No more their mean summons to
speak.

EXTEMPORE.

Cursed be these stones ;
And cursed the bones
Of the brainless road commissioner !
The Devil give 'im the task,
His roads to make,
And nobody'll ever travel 'em.

These words were justly provoked by an ill-kept mountain road.

FAITH.

Who knows each uncomplaining care,
Each inner joy, and soul's despair ;
Who knows each aching human grief,
'Tis He, best knows for our relief,
Heav'n's sweetened balm to bear.
Why grieve then, troubled soul forlorn,
With many burdens sorly worn ?
The hand with sorrow, bears the down,
Will lift thee up, again.

HYPOCRISY.

Poor, is that grace that eye can see,
Of lame and put-on holiness ;
Give me a man, whose heart is free
To speak and act his open part ;
A plain and honest man to trust,
Is all I ask for me.

OLD WINTER NOW.

Old Winter now, with surly frown,
Drives o'er the hills full sorely ;
Nature has donned his icy gown,
O ! he must fare but poorly.

No wild bird cheers the lonely air ;
The sun half sinks from shining.
It paints too well my soul's despair,
So dark and so repining.

Upon this dreary waste of life,
Too long, has been my dwelling ;
No sun nor song but only strife,
With care and anguish swelling ;
Half sick of life, its aches and care,
Neglected and unknown ;
Nor Heav'n accepts my anxious prayer,
Though it embrace the throne.

Lean Poverty stands in the door
And stares with grinning vengeance ;
'Tis hell behind, and fear before,
With all their racking engines.

While wealth is lavished on the air,
For some fond lordling's notion ;
And worth must wallow in despair,
And take the swine's proportion.

How oft beneath the briar's shade,
Some delicate flow'r is blasted ;
That, had the sun his healing stayed,
Would blossom while it lasted.

Yet mine is but the plaintive cry
Of many another one,
Who lacks the christian sympathy,
Beneath a christian sun ;

Mid walls of mocking cares to dwell,
Unknown and sore neglected ;

With all the mental imps of hell,
Around us close collected.

Yet, O ! for some deviner power,
Within this silly breast ;
To know the way and feel the hour,
That I am truly blest.

Then from these trials, songs would rise,
And hope spring from despair ;
And in the valley leave behind
A needless load of care.

GENTLY NOW THE CLOSING DAY.

I.

Gently now the closing day
Folds its wearied wing to rest ;
While I am sad and far away,
From him, the one I love the best.

II.

Unfold thy wing, O, setting Sun,
And through the azure, soar amain ;
Until thou findest my wandering one,
And bring him back to me again.

III.

But now, thou'rt gone ; thy heavy eye
Is closed to rest and quiet sleep ;
While through the gathering darkness, I
Must still live on, and watch and weep.

MEMORY.

When the great eye of day is closed in quiet
sleep,

And Heaven's roof leaks drops of glitter-
ing gold,

Dame Memory glides in with musings deep
And at our side, doth sweet communion
hold.

How sweet, to listen to her stories old;
And dear forgotten days to live once more ;
And warm our hands, to the kindly fire
that told

Some simple tale, sweet rural scenes of yore,
Fond homely joys with Heav'n presiding o'er.

Where parental graces blessed the happy
hour

That prattling children thronged the hearth
before,

Or climbed their grandsire's knee his praise
to share ;

And feel the pressure of a mother's tender
care;

Fond memories of home and that lost hour,
When indulgent Heaven grants her richest
store.



LOVE'S REWARD.

I.

Beneath yon drooping willow tree,
I've lingered long and sighed full sore,
For him, that once was far from me,
My soldier lad, on a distant shore.

II.

Full, heaved this breast, with bodings drear,
Of death and dangers of the field;
But now, my soldier lad is near,
To soothe my heart and bosom shield.

III.

No more shall thoughts of sickening fear
This bosom rend, with bodings sore;
For now, my soldier lad is near,
And I am happy evermore.

IV.

Blow winds, your wildest blasts enrage!
Boom cannons, with your murdering roar!
My grief no longer ye engage,
Nor sorrow troubles any more.

V.

Angels may harp, with happy sway,
And feast on beauty round the throne;
Yet I am happier than they;
For now my soldier lad is home.



NOW THE WEE BIRDIES PLAY.

I.

Now the wee birdies play,
As the gentle winds sway
The tree tops so bright and sunny, O;
And their little hearts beat,
To the melody sweet,
For their lives are so light and bonny, O.

II.

And their little throats swell,
With the notes, they love well,
And their songs are sweet and cherry, O;
Yet this bosom is sad,
Though theirs seem so glad,
And the day is long and weary, O.

III.

But how else, could my heart be
When so far, a party
Has wandered away from his dearie?
I think on the pleasure,
My sweetheart and treasure,
And how could my heart be but weary!

FAR OVER THE NORTH.

I.

Far over the North, on a mountain side,
Where the smooth lakes dimple deep and
wide;

Where the birds sing sweet and the soft
winds glide,
And the banks are bright and sunny, O ;

II.

Though the land is poor and the rocks are
steep,
Yet over the moss, the ivies creep ;
And through the grass the posies peep,
To greet the day, so bonny, O.

III.

In such a land, on such a side,
Does the idle of this heart reside,
Of all that land, the life and pride ;
And the hope of many a lover.

IV.

But in one short year when Spring returns,
And the sun again on the heather burns ;
But in one short year when Spring returns,
And she's my own, forever.

LAST EVENING.

I.

Last evening as the sun went down
And stars their watch were waking, O,
My heart received her mortal wound ;
This love-lorn breast is breaking, O.

II.

'Twas then, she said, she'd ne'er be mine,
Nor longer, would she tarry, O ;
My heart its grief can ne'er confine,
My sweet heart and my Carrie, O.

III.

Though I may mourn, love's bosom torn,
To me she'll ne'er return, O ;
Yet the love I bear, shall wither ne'er,
But for her ever burn, O.

SPRING.¹

O'er hill and wood and through each slum-
b'ring vale,
Now maiden Spring, with gentlest graces,
trips ;
Each sleeping flower presses to her lips,
And kisses it to making, with some tale,
And pleasant told, its blushes to avail ;
And while she waits, the birds their notes
renew ;
The skies grow mild and flow'rs distill
their dew ;
And soars on rising wing, the buxom gale.

¹ Composed on a most lovely morning in the early spring of '98, while lying in great pain ; nature's seeming mockery at my misfortune, produced in me an unwonted gloom of melancholy.

But as for me through woods of waking
green,
With her to roam, alas, I may no more;
As ere this sorry hour—which should
have been—
That bids me thus to suffer long and sore;
Yet wisdom whispers, folly to refrain,
“’Tis noble, still to bear and not com-
plain.”

A FATHER'S PROTEST.

I.

Yon castle's walls are chill and lonely,
Though crowned with every art :
And their frowning lord is old and stony
Is his polished heart.

II.

There grace and rank and wealth's display,
Thou freely may'st partake ;
But these humble joys, when fled away,
Will make thy poor heart break.

III.

And to see my blossom bent and torn,
And weeping bitter dew ;
With a cruel world to pass in scorn,
Will make my heart break, too.

THOU LITTLE BIRD ON YONDER TREE.

I.

Thou little bird on yonder tree,
That tells thy tale so piteously,
Has sorrow's arrow piercéd thee
Or grief, thy little bosom ?

II.

Has death thy little birdies pressed,
That nestled neath thy pitying breast ?
Or some mean villain robbed thy nest
Of its wee blossom ?

III.

Or was thy little mate unkind ;
And thou cant'st no sweet pity find,
That thus thou tells thy sorrowing mind
So piteously ?

IV.

O, tune, for me, thy sweeter lay,
Of budding joys and opening day ;
With grief and sorrow far away,
So soothingly.

V.

Earth has 'nough sorrows of its own,
With piteous sighs, to weep and moan ;
Troubles in throngs and grief alone,
Plods on in tears.

VI.

Earth were a dreary lot and waste,
If Heav'n with all her glories pressed,
Spared not thy sweeter lay, to bless
And charm our cares.

QUEEN OF THE LILIES.

I.

Queen of the garden, lily of girls,
Come out for your lover is sighing ;
And smile on his grief, with your shining
curls,
Ere the spark in his bosom is dying.

II.

Come out from the dancing and out from the
light,
Come out to your seat in the garden ;
For his aching bosom is brooding the night,
And sighing and sighing for pardon.

III.

Queen of the lilies, garland of girls,
O, haste to your lonely lover ;
And smile on his grief with your shining
curls,
Ere he leaves you to weep forever.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

The moon, her golden horn in crescent set,
Now rests upon the margin of the wood,
And the soft wind steals by in silent mood,
Beneath the stars that, mid the dewy wet,
Trip o'er the milky path, or brightly set
Their jeweled faces on Heav'n's concave old;
That his broad roof leaks drops of glitter-
ing gold;
Or seem the angels round their portals
flitting.
O, sweet, the scene, while earth's thus
kindly lighted,
And gentle lovers rove by hill and stream;
Earth seems not half so sad, with sin be-
nighted;
Now sin and sorrow pass, as in a dream,
And Heav'n indulgent-half beholds the
shame,
And fires the soul with her eternal flame.



JUST OVER THE WEST.

I.

Just over the West,
Lives the lad I love best ;
And the lad that loves me dearly, O.
And his heart is as true,
As the heavens are blue,
Or the stars that twinkle so clearly, O.

II.

With a fond caress,
On his gentle breast,
And a pledge drawn full sincerely, O,
He promised me,
That my home would be,
Out in the West full early, O.

III.

There meadows grow,
Where the brooklets flow,
And the flow'rs in the grass peep cheery, O ;
And the woodland rings,
Where the wild bird sings,
And the days are never dreary, O.

IV.

There his herd slowly feeds,
On the odorous meads,
As the moon glides by so fleet, O ;
And the soft wind blows,
Where the wild stream flows,
And the nights are, aye, so sweet, O.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

I.

O'er vale and hill, and heather still,
Now flits the sun and shadow ;
With a heart sore wrung,
For a joy long gone,
This aching breast is sad, O.

II.

O, for again to meet, and rapture sweet
Embrace each ravished bosom !
But fell's the blow that laid so low,
My sweet and tender blossom.

III.

O, Death ! O, Woe ! where may I go,
Tracing with cheerless measure,
To find some fold, where thou so bold,
Hast not ta'en the sweetest treasure ?

THE ANGRY GALE.'

I.

The angry gale now sweeps the vale,
Complaining and resistless ;
My heart again, her joys, in vain,
Now seeks but, O, so restless.

II.

O, aching soul, whose ceaseless roll
Discovers naught but anguish ;
Here, rest the while and care beguile,
And cease, thou heart, to languish.

III.

The rich and proud may seek the crowd,
Yet seek, in vain, for pleasure ;
A contented mind is as rare to find,
I wean, as any treasure,

IV.

For believe me, joy is ever coy
And flees when we pursue her ;
And the man she blesses, with her fond
caresses,
He never seeks to view her.

¹ During my early struggles and wandering, I had often witnessed, with much pleasure and regret, the peace and quiet of a simple rural home ; the wholesome condition of which I had frequently contrasted with my own restless one. Of which, the result is the above sentiment.



LINES ON AN OLD DESERTED SCHOOL
HOUSE.

Farewell, old home of memories to the heart,
Bound fast and dear, that never can depart ;
Sweet healing influence of those blissful
hours,

When gentle love distilled her lavish,
showers.

Farewell, mild mother of fair industry,
In low complaint, my heart still turns to thee ;
To thee, when simple happiness reclined,
Beneath thy mandate and thy mantle kind.

When sweet content, within thy rustic bower,
Usurped all care and blessed the happy hour ;
When hardy sports thy children strong im-
pelled,

The foremost prize, their noisy cry was held ;
But now the sports that once bedecked thy
green,

No more, beneath the lonely shades are seen.
The mindful master now no longer hears
The busy murmur, swallowed up in tears.

Like patches of snow, on some bare moun-
tain spread,

The foam of time had settled on his head.
His smiles, no more, upon their merits shine,
Nor looks reprove the ill-behaving line.
His rule no longer on their mischief plays,

Fond memories of thy sweet and happy
days,

No more at morn, with mild and reverend
mien,

The gentle master at his desk is seen ;

With open book, and venerable gaze,

Explaining God's high works and wond'rous
ways.

How Daniel, in a den of lions slept ;

Or the seven plagues o'er stricken Egypt
swept.

How through the sea, his chosen tribes he
led

And manna, dropped from Heav'n, his people
fed.

Or Moses on the Mount of Sina's range,

Beheld the burning and the visage strange.

As through its clay, his eager soul devine

In pleading earnestness did yearning shine ;

How once, the loving Savior died to save

The kind, the coward, the severe, the brave.

Or how Elijah, earth's long-honored sire,

Swept Heaven's vault in chariots of fire ;

His noble soul, with these high themes in-
spired,

Exultant to its native realms retired ;

And mid-way flung his mantle o'er his kin,

Happy to wrap some thoughtless wanderer in.

His aged voice did full of earnest ring,

As some Zion sonnet he would ever sing.
Then low in chorus, all rejoined in prayer ;
O, sweet ! the scene, to listless memory dear.
Alas ! no more, return those happy days,
In painful cities' unfamiliar ways.

Of scenes, like these, sad memories arise ;
Their mournful music swells and sader dies.
The master now in foreign climes must roam,
Far from his children and deserted home.

Mild was the murmur when at the long
day's close,

The ready noise of ill-used books uprose,
Thrown careless in the old rough desks de-
faced,

By nature's youthful artists rudely traced.
No more, the merry buzz of lips shall bloom,
Nor stifled laughter titters round the room.
No more, the indignant master's voice is
heard ;

The busy murmur is no longer stirred.
Within these hoary walls the master's rule
In frolic oft has played on me, old school ;
But crushed amid thy ruins now it lies,
Unheard, unheaded, ne'er obeyed to rise ;
No more, its stinging eloquence shall give
The mild offender better aims to live.

Nor more, within thy portals open flung,
In pressing chorus, throng thy happy young.
As some bold chief, with laurels bravely won,

Bears his soiled plumes so proudly to the
sun,

Thy battered turret once did'st lordly raise,
O'er many a poor yet proud admirer's gaze ;
But now deserted and thy honors gone,
The spoiler heaps thy beauty o'er the lawn.
Now ruin carves her image in decay,
And all thy happy charms have fled away ;
All but the charms that chase in memory's
train

And over-taking, turn the past to pain.
Too soon, this wretched yet this sacred spot,
That once so sweetly smiled, shall know thee
not.

Beneath the elms where in reposeful shade,
Thy kindred rested, and thy honor stayed ;
Now mean dishonor marks thy resting place,
And desolation dost thy form embrace.
Where once, the happy voice of laughter
played,

Somber and still, repose thy mournful glade ;
The oriole resigns his warblings mild,
To the lone owl that mopes with screeches
wild.

And all around upon thy dismal green,
Where game and gambol once bedecked the
scene,

Disconsolate, within thy lonely bower,
Thy ruins waste reveal the tyrant's power.

Soon empty grandeur holds thy modest
place,

All sad deception of thy kindly grace ;
O, heartless pomp, O, all unfeeling pride,
Still, still for thee, we lay life's little sweet
aside,

Change and decay usurp thy blissful place,
The tyrant's grasp thy simple charms deface ;
Thy cold remains confess the spoiler's hand,
Shame and dishonor linger o'er the land.
The spot, where once in honored state thou
rose,

In sloth and indolence doth now repose ;
The loveliness that once adorned thy door,
To thy lone children shall be known no
more.

Sad ! sad ! the sight that meets their languid
eyes,

Where on the green, thy shapeless ruins rise.
Beneath the towering elm-tree's spreading
shade,

In sweet content thy happy children
played.

Now, helpless grown and indigent with
years,

Thy beauty faded with maternal years,
Like some lone outcast, thou art left to die,
Endure their charity who pass you by ;
Or brook the hard hand of the tyrant's power,

In this, thy helpless and degenerate hour.
Thy beauty round in rude confusion lay,
The funereal fragments of that blissful day.
Sad ! sad ! my eyes behold the dismal scene,
Where dust and ashes only intervene.
And, O, to satisfy man's paltry pride,
The passions of the heart are laid aside.
Grief claims my heart and pain requires my
soul,

While thus, I see thy helpless form unroll.
No more, these wandering feet shall ere
return,

To scenes so dear that ean no longer burn.
A fond farewell ; and yet where ere I stray,
Sweet memories of thee will cling for aye.
Now rests thy honored embers in the dust ;
Thy end, attained and well-performed, thy
trust.

Hence, thou shalt live in dreams, if live at
all ;

Vanished from view and from thy children's
call.

O ! tranquil be thy rest, thy sleep serene,
While memory still marks the gentle scene.



DEAR LITTLE LAMP.

Dear little lamp so trim and bright
That glimmers so sweetly thy soft beaming
 light,
And royally feasts my poor ravished sight
On all sorts of dainties so pure and so white;
Torch of fair Wisdom that points to the
 right,
Like the beacon that guides through the
 dark gath'ring night.
Dear little lamp by whose soft beaming light,
Tis so quiet to read and so pleasant to write,
Dear little lamp so trim and bright.

Pictures I've seen and stories read
Of deluded swains afar that were led
By will-o-the-wisp or wild-fire dread ;
And down in their caverns of glimmering red
The gray old witches their sorceries said.
But none of their spells in the heart ever
 bred
A faith in the living or love for the dead ;
And none of them hath the sweet charm to
 spread
Hope in the heart and a calm in head,
Like the dear little lamp that so sweetly has
 fed
My mind with the pictures and stories I've
 read.

DO YOU ASK ME.

Do you ask me why I say,
"Heav'n were drear with thee away ;"
Must I still assert for aye
O, Jessie, that I love you ?

Were I a bird and thou a rose,
How I would sing in love's repose
From earliest dawn to evening's close !
Could songs to pity move you.

But thou art human and confine
My notes to themes far less sublime,
Nor let'st me strike one chord of thine,
Though far deviner.

Inly I seek with notes of grief
From love's treasure-house to draw relief,
Or on thy lips to play the thief
Nor feel myself, a sinner.

Yet in my heart I'll sing of thee,
Sweet nymph of mirth and jollity,
That fill'st my soul with thoughts so free
Of joy and pleasure.

But did poet ere sing the whole he knew ;
Or the woodlark, half his ditty through ?
Nor can this heart, its love for you
In full round measure.

O, CRUEL SEA.

I.

I stand on the shore as the ships roll by,
And list to the roar and the sea-gull's cry ;
And watch the waves break, break in vain
On the great dark rocks again and again,
And seemingly forever.

II.

I stand on the shore and gaze o'er the foam,
The restless tide and the sailor's home ;
The sailor's home and the grave, I fear,
Of many a hope and loved one dear
That more return shall never.

III.

O, sea of love, O, sea of life,
O, sea of calm and restless strife,
How fondly dreams the heart of thee,
O, sea of Death and mystery,
Whose hopes thou long hast severed

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

I.

Thou ne'er hast walked life's dreary way,
Nor trod the path alone ;
Where thorns and briars thick array,
O'er drifting sand and stone.

II.

But mid the flow'ry realms of love,
Where only grace reposes ;
And gentle show'rs, amid their bow'rs,
Awake the sleeping roses.

III.

And would'st thou all thy joys forsake,
To share my lot of anguish ?
Nay, rather, let this poor heart break,
Than ever thou should'st languish.

THE CHRIST-HEART.

Earth heaps its urn, with sorrows of its own ;
Heav'n holds her healing balm at faith's
arm's length,
For somber insults in pity to atone
A fallen race, endowed with nobler strength,
T' attain its native heights and grateful own
The care that led their happy steps, at length.
Our groans, our sighs sink deep as we make
them ;
In pitchy dark, alone, we grope along ;
Yearn for the light, to mingle in its throng,
And feel the leaping pulses of a world un-
known.
Yet morning breaks, its beauties, fain to
wake them,

We stand enchanted by its song,
And still are loath to take them;
And come what will, some few will still for-
sake them;
Who ask they know not what and still com-
plain,
When good is wrought and evil is denied.
The spotless robe is soiled with bloody stain;
Again, the lowly Lord is crucified.
Yet hands that were foul in the wounds of
the cruel nails,
Are washed and cleansed by that self-same
gore;
Infinite love in harmony prevails
O'er the soul that raved in blinding night
before.
Touched by the hand that's softer than the
dew
Of crystal gems, on rarest flow'ry hue,
The eager soul in stately stature stands;
Out-stretches wide its answering hungry
hands;
Feels the new life, new light, new happy all
Steal through his being and leap its prison
wall;
Light, at the touch, in all its glories shine,
And all the world within is rapturous
devine.

ON YONDER HILL.

I.

By yon flow'ry hill, where all is still,
And the daisies spread their cover ;
Through field and grove, I love to rove,
And muse on my true lover.

II.

Though far away yet night and day,
I'm ever with him straying ;
Nor time nor place nor ocean's space
Can ere our loves betraying.

III.

For day and night my prayers take flight
To Heav'n to still watch o'er him ;
Back to these arms from the war's alarms
In safty to restore him.

IV.

For o'er the wild wave, my hero brave
Is fighting for his nation,
And fear nor foe, nor threat nor blow
Can drive him from his station.

V.

But soon he'll come, to his love and home
And joys will ever blossom ;
And the cruel dart that would pierce this
heart
He'll shield it from my bosom.

THOU LITTLE BROOK.

I.

Thou little brook that babbles on,
Nor ever stops to tarry,
O, tell me where my love has flown ;
And have ye seen my Carrie ?

II.

Beneath the moonbeams' gentle ray,
Adown the distant heather ;
Or 'long the old familiar way,
We oft, have roved together.

III.

Or crossed the sands that girt the stream ;
Or watched the minnows wander ;
But O, those days are all a-dream—
Alone, I sit and ponder.

IV.

And now wherere these feet may roam,
With wandering ever weary,
I look in vain, I weep alone,
In absence of my dearie.

V.

Ye pitying powers in Heav'n above,
That weep when mortals languish,
Bind up this broken heart of love ;
This aching grief and anguish.

DISCONTENT.

I.

"How pleasant the life of a bird must be,"
We say and sigh for our portion ;
But if we had to work for a meal, as he,
We'd sigh, with a different notion.

II.

To rise with the earliest peep of day,
And sing o'er a world of troubles ;
And if we didn't get out and scratch away,
Could live on the fame of our bubbles.

III.

And how many are they that fret away
Without a heart to pity ;
With their hopes crushed in the thong and
hurried on,
In the great and crowded city.

THE MONTH IS MAY.

I.

The month is May, the fields are gay,
With warblings sweet and many, O ;
Yet nature's treat was ne'er so sweet,
As a passing glance of Jennie, O.

II.

I pulled a rose from off its thorn,
To deck her bonny bosom, O ;
But, O, her eyes and sweet surprise !
They shamed that silly blossom O.

III.

Then what matters if the nights come on,
And the days, with clouds, are dreary, O ?
While my love is kind I ne'er can find
A thought, but 's sweet and cheery, O.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

Jean, with eyes of opening day,
Spare this heart their conquering sway ;
O, remove those tempting lips,
Sweet as roses' blushing tips ;
Who so late has given vow
To love another, never now !
Take away those lips forsworn,
Ere I die of love forlorn.
Tempt me not to taste the pleasure ;
Lovers know not end nor measure.
They were made to bless another,
Spare this heart with grief to cover ;
Spare thee still, my heart to languish,
Lest my love should die of anguish.
Had we never met to sever,
Sweet, were life to live forever.
Now death were sweet and hell were cheery
Beside this breast so lone and dreary ;
Heart-wrung joys and moans sore grieve me,
Only, love, that I must leave thee.
Fare thee well, alas, forever !

Meetings bind us but to sever;
Dark's the world, my path how lonely !
Yet 'twere bright if only—only—
It were vain to mock with telling ;
All too deep this sad breast's swelling.
Now, farewell, I swear, but never
Can this heart ere love another.
Lonely grief my breast is thronging,
Fears and unrequited longing.
Yet I know, our love's not wasted ;
Love so true was ne'er misplacéd.
Yet if we had never parted,
I had ne'er been broken-hearted.

YE SOULLESS GODS.

I.

Ye soulless gods, that strut and stare
And sneer at us poor mortals,
We only ask you what is fair ;
We'll guard our own mean portals.

II.

Time's cycling wheel shall soon turn round
When Fortune may forecast, O,
And we poor spokes, that bite the ground,
Shall reach the top at last, O.



HA'E YE MY SWEET NANNIE SEEN.¹

I.

Ha'e ye my sweet Nannie seen ?

Ha'e ye seen her, ha'e ye seen her ?

Ane wee glance wad set ye keen

On't to win her, on 't to win her.

II.

For Nannie 's young and Nannie 's fair

And Nannie has a queenly air,

And eyes wad set ye wheeling, O ;

My heart, I've put in trust wi' hers,

And all its throes and aches she cures ;

And aye, wi' joy, I'm reeling, O.

III.

Could ere a lass so faithful prove,

To bless a heart so, bless a heart so ;

Could Heav'n an equal transport move

Or joy impart so, joy impart so ;

IV.

Then Heav'n were fair, indeed, and sweet,

Then Heav'n were all our fancies mete,

And Heav'n were love itself replete ;

But Heav'n were no more than it.

¹ For these few meager words borrowed from the Scottish dialect, I suppose an apology is forthcoming to those who are not aware of the natural aptitude of that language to music. But the rather, it has been instead a source of much regret to me that I did not have the courage to use it more.

V.

But cease, thou love-provoking lass,
To tempt my heart beyond repast,
For if Heav'n were love and long should
last,
In Heav'n, I ne'er could stan' it

YE LITTLE STARS.

I.

Ye little stars that coldly shine,
O, how ye mock this soul of mine,
This heart so frail and human ;
This little pause of joys and fears,
This breath of sorrow and of tears
And woes, so justly due man.
Silent and calm ye swing
Ages beneath your wing
No question justice ;
Serving the common plan
Of Father God and man
Though we oft condemn it.
In all the ages ye have rolled
What varied scenes ye must behold
Upon this little planet.
Our best laid schemes though ne'er so small,
Ne'er see their finish all in all
No matter how we plan it.

II.

And in this world of show and seeing,
How few are good for love of the being,
How many 'cause they dare not be other-
wise !

For the show is so enhancing
And the seeing so entrancing,
Like moths, we flit to where the danger
lies.

And so sweet is the deceiving,
But alas—the stern retrieving !
Oh, there's the fire that all our virtue tries.

And that tender little blossom,
Within this human bosom,
Ere we know it, withers with the heat and
dies.

III.

O, this idle, idle dreaming,
And this sad deceptive seeming
That robs the soul of what it prizes most !

And this dark and sad devining
And this drear and ill-repining
Of broken hopes and vanished pleasures
lost !

Yet if the soul were more in earnest
Of the purer food it yearneth,
To lift itself above the common host ;

Then earth were sweeter than it seemeth,
And Heav'n were nearer than we dreameth,
In spite the smiling cynics' cruel boast.

SING ON THOU'S HEARD.¹

I.

Sing on, thou's heard, thou little bird,
Thou art so blithe and merry,
From the jostling throng, that hurries on,
A moment will I tarry.

II.

Thou hurts my breast, thou bonny thrush,
Thy joy o'erflows with singing;
But seething woe, with careless throe,
This aching heart is wringing.

III.

For o'er her grave, the willows wave ;
Her grave, that was my Carrie,
And if this breast soon finds no rest,
Forever will I tarry.

¹ Near the scene of a burial, under operation, a little thrush chanced to alight on a grave stone, near which I was sitting, and poured forth such pitiously sweet music, as to deepen the passion of the above verses far beyond intellectual recognition. This, together with the scene, I witnessed, so solicitous of sympathy and pity, and a tremor of tender memories so wrought upon me that I broke down utterly in a flood of grief and tears.

ELEGY.

Thou pale and silent kingdom of the dead,
 Within thy sacred precincts and thy power;
Here may I bow a reverential head,
 With Heav'n and thee, to spend a hallowed
 hour.

With Heav'n and thee; for what holds
 Heav'n more dear,
Than this, thy ancient solitary place?
Where in their mould'ring ruins now appear,
 The crumbling shrines of an eternal race.

Here may I rest, here muse all undisturbed,
 Beneath the solemn stillness of thy shade;
Save that mid-summer's songster's voice is
 heard;
 The falling stroke of yonder sexton's
 spade.

Save where yon brooklet murmurs to the
 wind
 That heaves a low and melancholy sigh;
Or that yon lover with distracted mind,
 Weeps o'er some grave and turns away
 to die.

Within these walls, that hold the silent dead,
 Full many a heart, that care hath sorely
 pressed;

Feet that no more this mortal path shall
tread

Have laid them down to their eternal rest.

Here Death hath struck full many a fatal
dart ;

The reverend sire his last farewell hath
said ;

And many a flow'r of some fond mother's
heart

Now blossoms in the kingdom of the dead.

Here many a saint thus far his race hath run ;

Here laid him to his long-expected rest ;

Here waits the rising of another sun ;

A brighter world of peace and quiet blest.

Here many an unknown hero's found repose,

After the weary toils of battle o'er ;

Here Death has brought to an untimely
close

Full many a book of care and trouble
sore.

Yet for the few how smooth, the years have
fled,

In sweet domestic peace and happy sway !

No star of glory her false luster shed ;

Nor honor, pride to vice allured away.

Here rests the soul in its embodied clay,
Guarded, we feel, by Heav'n's attendant
power ;

Does soul with soul here intercourse convey,
Or in oblivion, wait the appointed hour ?

Some emblem of that fondly wished-for rest,
By loving hands upon the grave is spread ;
To point the mourner to that kingdom blest,
Where never grief intrudes with heartless
tread.

For th' many here no more life's feast shall
spread ;

The ceaseless train of care nor longer roll ;
Fast in the silent recess of the dead,
And the eternal kingdom of the soul.

Here rest together in a common place,
The fool too oft in error's path that trod ;
And feet that loved the Heavenly way to
grace,

That led unto their Father and their God.

Is there a soul so lost to faith and love,
That as he lays some darling in the grave,
With no fond longing hopes to meet above ;
Nor feels the power from death and sin
to save ?

There is a power, whose soul-asserting love
Touches the heart with that eternal flame ;
Teaches the soul its excellence to prove ;
And feel the kinship in a Father's name.

Upon the brow of care, the aching breast,
Some gentle hand is laid with loving care ;
And at His touch the soul receives new rest,
And loves to linger in the arms of prayer.

Why from that Heavenly star, whose guiding ray
Leads safe across this restless flood of strife,
Should we, with moorings lost, still choose
to stray—
Lost pilots on the trackless sea of life ?

And here above this solitary vale,
How towers old Time, proud monarch of
the field ;
For ages nourished, tempest toiled and hale ;
For angels, pastime, and to man, a shield.

And yet beneath this mighty tree of life,
How many leaves have fallen into sear !
Whole branches that have yielded to the
strife,
Leave but faint traces of existence here.

Back to her bosom, mother of us all,
Earth draws her weeping children with a
kiss ;
And on our cares her pitying hand lets
fall ;
And bears the laboring bosom to its rest.

Too oft, in vain, we wipe the falling tear ;
Too often, mourn for earthly concord
riv'n.
Tis better far for some they are not here—
From sorrow's pall, to sweet repose of
Heav'n.

Here, in this rude and ill-neglected isle—
Lone avenue of the poor and nameless
dead—
Where vaunting pride ignores a human
smile,
Sweet nature's artless gifts around are
spread.

Is this the place to sigh or shed the tear ;
To mourn a friend that quits the scene of
strife ;
Or this, the place to calm the anxious
fear,
For those who've anchored in the vale of
life ?

And yet, for those of whom no Heavenly
thought
Of sweet hereafter, soothes the troubled
breast,
The heaving sigh and tear is timely wrought;
Alas ! who hope not that eternal rest.

Earth has no night, this spirit to subdue,
So furrowed o'er with sorrow or with grief;
But Heaven's smiling angel presses through;
And on the wings of mercy flies relief.

Yet 'neath this mortal night the star of
hope,
Too often, shines but to make visible
The brooding darkness where we blindly
grobe ;
And feel the present state more miserable.

By yon proud shaft that rears its awful head,
In grand repose some honored ashes rest;
What is that voice that mocks pride's boast-
ing spread ;
On the canopy of beauty writes a jest ?

And who by force of wisdom can forecast
Or mete the bounds of some small kind-
ness done ?

The dew-drop, by the image that it casts,
Displays the hidden glories of the sun.

There is in poverty that spreads a feast,
An unseen temple rears of Heavenly show;
There is in vice that levels with the beast,
Makes life a jest and every scene is woe.

Along his solitary waste at eve,
Black Ignorance wheels his slow and
dreary flight;
To darker shades where melancholies leave
The soul to grope through ghostly caves
of night.

There is a loathing of this mortal breath;
A longing for a brighter world than this;
There is a sweetness in repose of death,
That mocks our ecstasy of earthly bliss.

Full many a bush that bore the Heavenly
fire,
Consumed, doth pass away unheard,
unseen;
Yet the dread spot where the last red coals
expire,
Doth mark the palace where the Lord hath
been.

Each in his somber path plods on alone;
His chosen way that leads to his fancied
fane;

Unmindful of its sweet and mellow tone,
Lest pass unheard, the Heavenly refrain.

Upon this silent sea, grave-billowed o'er,
The phantom-ships of spirits come and go;
And on the main, and on the sounding shore,
Are strewn the shattered wrecks of sin
and woe.

And Death, that subtle enemy of all,
That steals upon us ere we are aware;
What force of wisdom save the Eternal
Can scan his scorings through the desert air?

And yet how sweet, the fondly cherished
thought
That lifts the soul above the opening
tomb;
That soothes the breast with peaceful quiet
wrought;
The solace of a bright eternal home.

Back from his field of conquest, blood and
pain,
In proud procession and with heartless
tread,

Time leads his humbled captives in his train,
To the pale and silent kingdom of the
dead.

But must we mourn, Death consumates the
end ;

Nor list the pean note, the spirit sing ;
Her exultant triumph nor her peace at-
tend,
That calms the soul and plumes her ready
wing ?

And what, the fear to lay this mortal down
To yield this brief and weary-panting
breath ;

When mid the drear and darkening pall
draws on,
The closing hour and article of death ?

Does this dull life determine what we are ?
Is man the fool and instrument of chance,
To sweat and labor neath a load of care ;
And at the finish hope no recompense ?

And whence, the thought that soothes the
aching breast ;
After the toil of battle, gives repose ;
That arms with valor many a soul oppressed,
To quit the field with a triumphant close ?

There is a place of peace and quiet rest,
Where never care with her incessant
train,
Intrudes to harass the sore troubled breast ;
But peaceful pleasures do eternal reign.

This life's a scene of conflict and of blood,
With occasional pause of mirth or rest
between ;
Death comes at last and plays the interlude
To the last act, and the unending scene.

FINIS.











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